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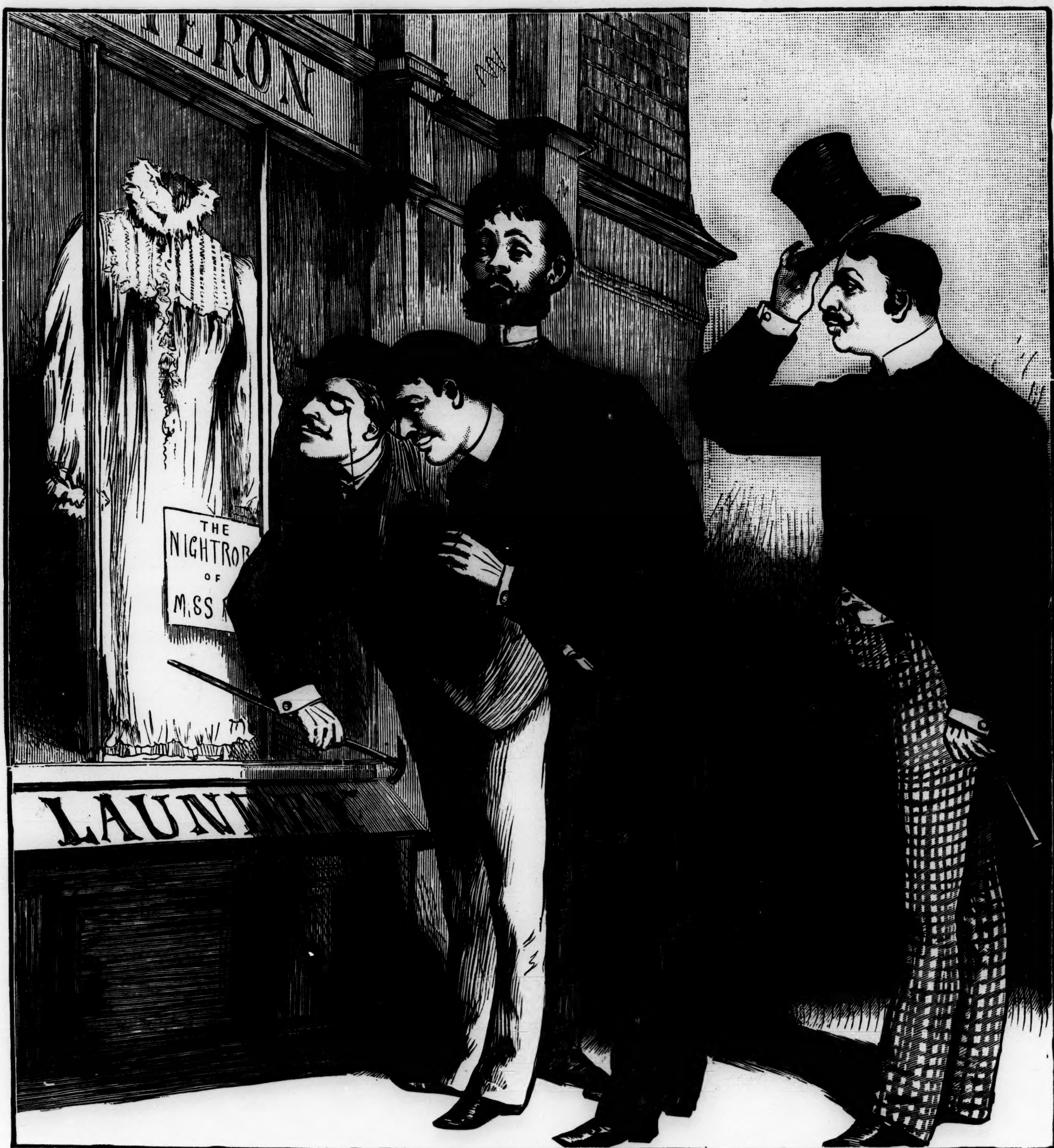
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

VOLUME XLI.—No. 274.
Price Ten Cents.



BEAUTY WORSHIP IN GOTHAM.

THE THRILLING SENSATION PRODUCED IN NEW YORK BY THE DISPLAY IN A SHOW WINDOW OF A GARMENT SAID TO HAVE BEEN ABSTRACTED FROM THE WASH OF A FAMOUS DEBUTANTE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:

183 William Street, Corner of Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, December 23, 1882.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, one year.....\$4 00
One Copy, six months.....2 00
One Copy, three months.....1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the Publisher, 183 William street, (P. O. Box 40), New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post-office money order.

SEE PAGE 6.
PARIS INSIDE OUT;

OR, JOE POTTS ON THE LOOSE!

The adventures and misadventures; the spree and sobering up; the life, loves and pastimes generally of a New York sport in the gayest city in the world. "PARIS INSIDE OUT" is back! by the POLICE GAZETTE as the champion rich, racy, rollicking and adventurous story of the year, and the best of it is that it is true. The hero is a well known New York sport whom all will recognize. Magnificent illustrations by the leading artists of the POLICE GAZETTE staff, will accompany each issue of this fascinating work. Read it or you miss a treat.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

JEM MACE is coming on the invitation of Richard K. Fox. Now look out for fun.

MRS. LANGTRY is in raptures over our sleighing and says she wouldn't miss it if it were ever so cold; she would go out in a cutter every day. Yes, indeed, it's a cold day when she gets left, you bet.

It used to be all the tough nuts came to us from Australia. Now the tide has set the other way. They go from here there. Instance—all the played-out actors, who skip there when we will have them no longer.

THEY begin to talk of indicting the Salvation Army as a nuisance on account of the noise they make. But they are no worse than the Sunday church bells—in fact, not half as bad. Include those hellish bells in the indictment, by all means.

THE case of a darkey suing for divorce from his wife on the ground that she is a white woman and he didn't know it, manifests the improvement in the race of Ham. These fellows are beginning to get so tony that they are drawing the color line.

It's coming, that revelation of scandal among the official "nobs" in Washington. We said it would and it is. Dorsey strikes the key note in accusing the dignified Attorney General Brewster of being dead on wine and women. Good gracious, how is it going to end if it begins this red-hot way?

THOSE jealous would-be rivals, who have been waiting to see the POLICE GAZETTE relax in its efforts and fall off in its brilliancy and enterprise, begin to grow weary. We weren't joking when we said we had come to stay. We are here and we're going to stay here and do our good work right along.

NAUGHTY Mrs. Langtry! She has kicked over the traces, fired out the prudential Mrs. Labouchere, her mentor, and with the bit in her teeth has run away with the "bloods." She would go to "stag" parties and her companion couldn't stand that. Lor', imagine what the Prince will say when he hears it!

THE resound of athletic preparations through the land is very loud. Two big wrestling events and numerous lively boxing matches command the attention of the sportive boys, with more rich fun of the same sort in prospect to make the winter merry. The POLICE GAZETTE can be depended on to keep the ball rolling. There'll be no lack of fun for the lads, for we are at the helm and you know how we sail the ship we get control of.

WILL these monopolists never stop? Now Field, Gould and Vanderbilt have got the legislature they own to rake up and codify a lot of old blue laws, among which is one that puts a dollar tax on every cuss word. The poor man who swears and can't pay will be lodged in jail, while the rich monopolists can roll the richest oaths over their tongues and damn the public most liberally when they feel like it. Even the luxury of swearing has been put out of the reach of the poor man. What are we coming to?

THE blackmailing fraud who pretends to have influence with the POLICE GAZETTE and says he is a reporter and will put your picture in this paper and write terrible stories of your misdeeds and publish them, is still abroad. Look out for him and when he "strikes" you kick him liberally, throwing in a good solid one for us.

ONE dollar fine for every swear word in New York, eh? Well, we'll go a dollar on the mob of moral sneaks who are engineering these blue laws, anyhow. We say damn. It's a general damn—a great "big, big D," that economically includes the crooked parsons, deacons, sisters and the whole caboodle of moral sneaks and spies.

WHAT's all this talk about the transit of Venus? Can't the Prince send his Lily across the ocean to make a boodile without all those horrid astronomers getting out their telescopes to stare at the "star"? The transit of Venus, indeed! Can't she transit and make a stake out of the Yankees without such an inquisitive fuss being made over it?

YOUR dandy drummer is going deep into intrigue, especially affecting other men's wives for travelling companions. He has got off very clear in his escapades, but the first thing you know he's going to be treed by some husband or big brother and then he'll catch it hot. We have been waiting for this climax for months but still it is delayed and the news keeps coming in from all quarters of fresh elopements and seductions by the commercial travelers. The rope must be pretty nearly run out by this time, though.

WHEN the militia of Chicago are allowed to take part in circus parades, we think the height of the ludicrous has been reached in martial affairs. The parade of an entire regiment the other day to escort the Wyndham company of English strolling players on their arrival will be astonishing news to the Britishers over the water. No wonder foreigners consider the martial pretensions of Americans as broad burlesque when a whole regiment goes clowning through the streets at the head of a crowd of fourth-rate foreign mummies.

A COUPLE of New York detectives, who had a pretty female witness in their charge, took her to a theatre, then to a wine supper and sat up all night with her in their office. When this fact was brought out in court they were virtuously indignant at the inference and innuendoes of the wicked counsel. Suppose they did. What of it? Can't a detective be trusted in the night as implicitly as a deacon? What proof is there that the detectives didn't have prayers all night? None. Really, this is an awful wicked world and these lawyers for the other side always have a shocking way of viewing things. Detectives must have some protection and privileges, like the clergy, not to mention the "perks," and they must have public faith to back them. If not, there's no use in trying to be either a parson or a detective when every little thing is going to be thrown up to them according to the lights of the wicked world. Oh, this will never do. Society totters—and the detectives, too—at the very suggestion of such a thing.

THE Denver Tribune notices the fine quality of the portraits presented in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE and commends their faithfulness and their artistic elaboration according to their deserts. The Tribune is a fit arbiter and proves itself possessed of thorough artistic taste when it detects the fraud of our contemporaries and our own excellence. That the Denver Tribune has the courage to commend our work and boldly award the palm is a sign that it has passed the probationary period; that it has merged from the uncertain mists of adolescence into strong journalistic manhood; that it is able to think and talk for itself without waiting to be guided by established prejudice or submitting to the restrictions of bigots. A journal that can do this has attained the position of a public educator and leader and we congratulate the Denver Tribune on its high and honorable estate. How different is its dignified attitude to that of the little sheets that depend on church and Sunday school patronage and being under the heel of the parsons, must decry the POLICE GAZETTE, right or wrong, or else lose their bread and butter. Such dirty, slavish little things, for instance, as the New Orleans States, the Feliciana Sentinel of Louisiana, and the North Topeka Mail. How ridiculous in these wretched apologies for newspapers to keep piping away in the scolding treble of an old maid at us, when such complete and powerful newspapers as the Denver Tribune give us honest commendation. We are delighted that we have antagonized the one set of journals, as instanced in the samples named above, and glad that we have pleased the other, of which the Denver Tribune is a bright and prosperous representative. Let the war go on. We are satisfied with the strategic situation.

Too bad that none of our critics can find a peg to hang a reasonable objection on in regard to our conduct of the sporting affairs in which we have been concerned. Their disappointment must be bitter after waiting so long in vain to catch us on the hip. They'll die waiting, poor wretches! We pursue a straight course, have an easy conscience, a good digestion and we fear neither saint, man nor devil.

GREAT heavings! Here is an actress who objects to being kissed on the stage in the regular old full power "Henry the Fifth" kiss—the thorough emotional style of vacuum producing osculatory suction. The idea! Wouldn't have it. And she didn't wear false teeth! And came from St. Louis, too! Great gosh, what is the stage coming to since Parson Mallory took it in hand?

GOD used to be good to the Irish, but He seems to have gone back on them lately and now favors the Sheenies. The last good luck of the New York Hebrews is found in the enforcement of the new penal code. By its provisions no one but a Jew can transact any business on a Sunday. This gives Abraham, Isaac and Jacob a monopoly of trade. It will soon become fashionable, therefore, for small tradesmen to wear false noses, curl their hair, adopt a Sheeny dialect. They can't live and be Christians.

A WRETCHED, money pinching, ticket grubbing, typographical tramp who runs a one-horse country paper, the Hartford Globe, has been shocked by our exposure of the dirty members of the dramatic profession, the stars and managers who carry dead head mistresses along on their tours through the country, making the poor women earn their professional salaries doubly. The Hartford Globe and its half-starved talent (!) are no match for us. We shall not stoop to say even boo to such a dirty, mangy little cur of journalism. We await an antagonist worthy of our ability before we take the trouble of chawing it up. Phew! Get out of the way, you dirty thing!

THE new penal code which went into effect in New York on Dec. 1 covers the ground completely. It is dangerous now to say "damn" in the metropolis. For instance, one section of the code provides a fine of one dollar per oath for "profane swearing," which is defined as "the use of the name of God or Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, either in imprecating divine vengeance on the utterer or another or in trifling or irreverent speech." So a man can't even damn himself without paying for it or going to jail. Of course there is a section that provides that there shall be no labor or fun on Sundays and all stores without exception shall be closed. No one is to be allowed to earn his living on a Sunday except the parsons. Among all the sections dealing with wickedness, however, we do not note one touching on seductions in the organ loft or lecherous flirtations in the church class rooms. If cast iron virtue is going to have the bulge why leave this weak spot in her armor? But on the whole we are glad of this enactment and hope to see all its provisions enforced to the extreme, just so that our sensible citizens may have a foretaste of the kind of heaven the church people would provide for them if they had their way.

THE Britishers take America for the veritable Golconda. They think all they have to do is to run over, fill their sack with dollars and go back home to enjoy them. The prize fighters are coming in swarms. The Langtry was sent here to recoup when the Prince was short, Oscar Wilde is with us yet, sports of varied calibre are trooping hither, others of the Prince's set of beauties promise to come. An exaggerated idea prevails over the water concerning the wealth to be picked up in a week's visit to this land of prime "suckers." All classes of Englishmen seem to have been fired with the ambition to make their fortunes over here in a few hours, ever since Tug Wilson returned with his big boodile and his fairy stories of the land where they gave a chap ten thousand dollars for standing up and getting slogged for ten minutes. All sorts are coming over to seek their fortunes and the latest arrival is Sergeant Ballantine, the famous English barrister, who is now in New York. He doesn't come to get slogged, as his distinguished countryman, Tug, did, but he has a lecture which he will deliver and which is expected to enrich him in a week. These Americans are "such ghastly jolly fools, you know." We suppose the POLICE GAZETTE must plead guilty to starting this immigration of fortune hunters. If we hadn't paid Tug's passage over and enriched him as by the magic of an enchanter the Prince never would have thought of sending the Lily over here and there would have been no rush of scientists and lawyers to our shores to rummage around and see what they can pick up. But they can't all expect to be Tugs, and some of them will do some aural pedestrianism on their way home; so the evil we have brought upon the people will be only temporary and will cure itself.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.

THE first round dance originated with Adam when he sat down on a hornet.

MANY statesmen look upon a morning cock-tail as a constitutional amendment.

A CHICAGO man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice, "No cards," sent him a eucbre deck by the first mail.

"I HOPE you are a better boy, Willis," said a Sunday school teacher to one of her young hopefuls. "Gosh, I haint been sick," was the reply.

"WHEN dem ar fo'teen boarders gits fru wild dat turkey, Clarinda, 'pears to me dar will be mighty little left for us to 'spress our thankfulness ober."

WASHINGTON has "comet parties." "A good idea, by Jupiter," says young Spinks, "for the boys can now planet to get the girls away from their Mars."

THE reason that aesthetes so admire the stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.

"OUR young men are coming to the front," cries a political journal. It doesn't look that way at the theatre. Just as many bald heads in the front rows as ever.

A TEN o'clock glass of hot whisky is called a night-cap, because it goes to the head. And a few more of the same will go to the legs. Then we suppose you'd call it a foot-pad.

A SAE-EYED man, says Bill Nye, the other night fell out of his bed into the aisle of a Pullman car and skinned his knee. He now claims that he was lame from his berth.

A GEORGIA woman wasn't hurt a bit in the railroad collision, but she wants \$3,000 for the manner in which she was obliged to turn a somersault in the presence of eighteen horrid men.

THE youth upon his coat sleeve bore
Along the street his latest mash;
She waltzed him in an oyster store
And robbed him there of all his cash.

LIGHTNING struck a contribution plate in a western church just as the deacon was passing it around. "This is the first time anything has struck the plate in three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.

THE deacon's son was telling the minister about the bees stinging pa, and the minister inquired: "Stung your pa, did they? Well, what did your pa say?" "Step this way a moment," said the boy, "I'd rather whisper it to you."

THE first day Artemus Ward entered Toledo, travel-worn and seely, he said to an editor who was on the street: "Mister, where could I get a good dinner for two shillings?" He was told; and then he inquired, "I say, mister, where could I get the two shillings?"

AN Indianapolis colored man was challenged at the polls on account of his youth, but insisted that he was twenty-one years old. "How do you know?" inquired the challenger. "Well, I've had the seven-year itch three times," was the cheerful reply. He was allowed to vote without scratching.

"HALLO!" ejaculated a guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question and sealed it with a kiss, "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was half-past twelve," was the cool reply of the blushing damsel; "you see we are—almost one."

AN Irishman tried to shoot a little chipping bird with an old musket. He fired. The bird, with a chirrup or two, flew away unconcerned in the foreground, and Pat was swiftly and noiselessly laid on his spine in the background. Picking himself up and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed: "Be jabbers ye wouldn't be a chirruped if ye'd been at this ind of the gun!"

"THIS must be a tornado," remarked a traveler in Iowa when he saw three or four houses flying through the air. "Oh, that's nothing but a little breeze," answered an Iowa man. "When you see a city flying past with all the street lamps still burning, then it will be time enough to hunt for a hole to crawl into, for that's a sure sign that a tornado is somewhere in the neighborhood."

A NICE young man thought he had found something pure and fresh in the shape of a laughing little witch of a girl, and was on the point of proposing marriage, when she shattered his fond hopes to the winds by remarking one evening, "You hug and kiss me more than any gentleman I am acquainted with except Bill Wallace, and he is a baggage-smasher and only comes here once a month."

I ASKED for her hand
And she gave me her mitten;
I was slightly unmanned,
I asked for her hand;
For my future was planned
And my heart it was smitten;
I asked for her hand
And she gave me her mitten.

"WHAT I want to know is who struck the first blow," said an Austin justice to Jim Webster, who was the principal witness in an assault and battery case. "Uncle Ike, dah, he hit de fust lick," replied Jim. "Are you positive that Uncle Ike struck the first blow?" "Ob course I is. Didn't I see him reach out and hit the fust lick, but how many licks he hit hefo' dat fust one, or how many licks de udder niggah hit him fust, am more dan I's willin' to swar ter!"

A FUNNY joke, and all the more palatable as the truth can be vouched for, occurred at a prominent church in New Jersey. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, said: "All ye who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who by the way, was a little deaf, having an eye or selling the books, and supposing the pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted: "All you who haven't, can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Some Scandalous Doings of the "Tony" Traveling Troupes.

The Hotel Keepers Make a Grand Kick Against the Mixed Matrimonial Affairs of the Artistes.

Who is living on the interest of the Brooklyn Fire Fund? Is it an actor or the son of an actor?

JOE WHEELLOCK has taken our advice and left Texas. He is playing to fine business over the circuits of the far west.

BILLY THE GHOUL escorted Langtry to Boston. She was perfectly safe and the Prince has reason to be satisfied by such thoughtfulness on the part of the manager. He had begun to be jealous of Abbey they say. He can't be of the Ghoul for obvious reasons.

Now, Maud Harrison begins to think she wasn't born to be a leading lady after all. We told her all along she had in her the makings of a great eccentric character comedienne of a new and original class. Perhaps she'll see the point of this remark when it's too late.

PATTI and Nicolini had a "scene" in choice French in the ladies' dressing-room the other evening. He is jealous and she is wily. She wept, though, and he apologized. We predict an earthquake in that region before next season and we shouldn't wonder if it resulted in the airy tenor being "fired."

CHRISTINE NILSSON is being worked up with all the trickery of modern advertising, but she has lost her slender, girlish figure, is faded facially and can't sing as she used to. She gives a few simple ballads to pull through a concert and the public pays high prices to hear her. Great is humbug and Abbey has its profit.

The members of a "first-class" traveling dramatic troupe, were ordered to leave a hotel in Cleveland one night three weeks ago. Cause—the actors and actresses were making night hideous by orgies in their sleeping apartments after the performance. The average hotel keeper begins to sour on the "perfess" on account of this free and easy conduct.

Was there ever such a complete extinguishment as that of Jack Haverly? He who used to be so blatant, who used to be so shrill, so noisy, so ubiquitous. Fate and the Jews have sat upon him with such weight that he has been flattened completely—as thin, as crisp, as bloodless, as mute and expressionless as the stale motza of the penitential Hebrew. Alas! poor Jack!

THE POLICE GAZETTE Rifle Team, Frank E. Butler and Miss Oakley, will not find their exhibitions interfered with in consequence of the late fatal miss of Frank Frayne. They do no shooting from the head, and their wonderful shooting is equally entertaining without having any of the fatal risks of less expert marksmen. They do not find it necessary to risk their lives to hold the attention of their audiences.

LANGTRY was voted off color by New York, but Boston, which is nothing if not English, shows signs of taking kindly to her for the Prince's sake. It's a great compliment to be permitted to put up the boodle for a prince's darling. Other men have to put up the money themselves when they have outside loves, but Princes and star actors can make the public support their extra loves. This is a "perk" of royalty and art. Princes and actors are the dead-heads of love.

WANTED—Some new star with a thoroughly original and horrifying form of scandal attached to her name, to make a sensation and a barrel of money for a New York manager. The old style of thing has played out with Langtry. The next manager who attempts the piquant scandal racket will have to go deep into the salacious before he'll sting the public palate. It has gone from delicate dramatic wines clean down to red eye and tanglefoot and nothing short of peppered kerosene will do now for the artistic tittle.

THE "Iolanthe" opera of Gilbert & Sullivan has fallen flat, as we predicted it would. The public is not English enough to understand it. The fact begets it to dawn that this precious pair of money grabbers—the Scotch rhymster and the Celtic music transposer—are played out. There was nothing left in them after they evolved "Pinafore." Their works since have been simple elaborations in funny business of their original plan. The public shows signs of weariness of this style of thing and there is every indication that the jig is up.

FRANK MAYO, sick of his attempt to do the legitimate has gone into the wilds of Texas with "Davy Crockett." How any one in civilized sections could endure the nasal drawl of this vain and ridiculous fake, Mayo, we could never understand. He is the very worst of a bad class of actors, and forced himself into prominence only through the development of the most astounding cheek. This was ten years ago and he has been strutting over the dramatic circuits with turkey cock airs ever since. How he has managed to get away with it, without having the thin veneer rubbed off him, we cannot make out. But so it is.

Good Lord! What a pull Madame Dotti has with Colonel Mapleson. She seems to have a grip that's rather more than artistic, in fact the Colonel seems to have been caught where the capillary growth is abbreviated. Dotti can't sing for sour apples, but whenever she puts the screws on she can get herself substituted for the best artiste in the cast, and the public can go to the devil if it does not like it. So you see the Colonel has become a thoroughbred—a New York manager in earnest, with all the modern improvements of that famed animal. Each has his Dotti and the Colonel couldn't afford to be left. We think there's a little variation here, though—it seems that Dotti has got him.

WALLACE'S "Queen's Shilling" is just what the rustics declared it—rot. It is thoroughly English in sentiments and local illusions and its plot, besides being thin and as old as the hills, limps frightfully. It is an insult to an American audience to befog it with the incomprehensible mannerisms and events of English life, instead of presenting dramas that appeal to the human emotions and can be understood by all men, irrespective of nationality. It is this quality of human nature that makes the French drama acceptable and interesting to Americans. Wallace ought to

go out on the rocks of Shantytown and sit on himself in a real hard place as a punishment for his stupidity in presenting such a play to the American public. But is it stupidity, after all? We have a suspicion that it's an outbreak of his natural impertinence and a fresh evidence of his contempt of everything American except the American dollar.

LITTLE Willie Deutsch is bound to be sat upon. He is too loud, not only in his clothes but in his manners, to be permitted to go long uncrowned. He had a sort of Miss Nancy set to a week or so ago with another Jew named Freund, who runs a handbill organ for piano-makers and snide actors. The two met in the bar room of the Morton House and with characteristic ferocity set at work ruining each other's stunning costume. There was a great ruin of broadcloth and shirt collar, but no physical damage. These sheenies know how to hurt each other. The worst punishment that can be administered to them is to get their new dress coat and their stunning tie into chancery. And these are the blatant representatives of the stage!

PIMPLES has had a couple of minor affairs in the pus cavity of his Eighth avenue palace, but they were unsatisfactory owing to the raids of the fiery untamed alpaca mother, which species of animal abounds this season in the side scenes of Pimples' palace. After all these failures it may be necessary finally to fall back on the Krality's shows and lug in the worn ballet to give a piquant flavor of naughtiness to the bouffoir. But why doesn't Pimples screw his courage up to the sticking place and import a free and easy French company, as Colonel Jim, his vastly superior prototype, did? If you're a pimple, erupt—don't go about inflamed and only threatening to come to a head. The public wants to know just how dramatically nasty things can be made, and wants you to have it out. It wouldn't be a bad idea to begin the wickedness by inviting Brother Mallory's moral company to a banquet in the pus cavity some night. They'd make Rome howl for you and don't you forget it.

It is about time that the following named companies retired to make room for new experiments. They are played out and don't know it. Other papers have a polite reluctance to telling them the truth. We are not handicapped by any such politeness, however, so we blurt it right out. Aldrich & Parslow with "My Partner," it's branded stale and N. G. McKee Rankin with all his red shirt dramas; Oliver Doud Byron with his dramatic sensation, "rot," Chimpanssee John and his little Minnie Palmer and her stockings and Gawky Graham and their horrid play; William Gill and his wretched snide show; Necktie Hill and his star; Brooks & Dickson's World Combination; Annie Pixley and her "Miss"; and all the nigger minstrel shows beginning with that snide combination of fat and vain idiots, Birch & Backus, who keep a trap in New York to catch green countrymen. These things are dead. Let them act accordingly and make room for living novelties.

It takes us to detect the tactics of Oily D'Oyley. He used Oscar Wilde as a subject to point Gilbert & Sullivan's burlesque, *Bunthorne*, in "Patience" and now he has imported Sergeant Ballantine, a pompous, fussy, broadly comic English lawyer, to lecture through the country in advance over the routes marked out for the new "Iolanthe" opera, which, in its present form, is too English to be understood by us. When the public begins to see that Ballantine and his pompous class of Englishmen are being travestied in the new opera, then it may go. It is strange that men like Wilde and Ballantine cannot see they are being used simply as subjects to justify a burlesque dramatic show. Ballantine is a much richer comic subject than Wilde however, and when he gets on the lecture platform we have no doubt his pomposity will come out as rich as the best efforts of Bombastes Furioso. How awful Oily D'Oyley is! We knew he would never let "Iolanthe" go on the road in its present incomprehensible form but we had no idea that he would command the luck to get so good a subject as Ballantine to pose before Gilbert & Sullivan's distorting camera.

CLARA MORRIS promises to start out next season on an extended tour. Her health has improved greatly, and it is possible that the care she has taken of herself during the past few years may have brought her back to her prime condition of bodily vigor. It is really a pity that so thoroughly great an emotional actress should be forced to become the subject of experiment for the doctors with their nauseous drugs. If she had thrown physic to the dogs four or five years ago, we have no doubt she would be the better for it. As it has been for several seasons past she has been the slave of drugs, on or off the stage, and much of her weakness and erratic conduct is attributable to their malevolent influence. Let us hope she has decided to kick out the doctors and throw their noxious prescriptions after them. In that event we can safely predict that she is going to resume her place as the very bright particular star of the world's drama, the equal of Bernhardt in some respects, her superior in many and her inferior in none. It is a pity that she has to remain in retirement the slave of drugs, while such a "stuff" and humbug as the Prince's daisy Langtry, is figuring on our stage as a star, and taking all the profits by her false pretences.

How much did the Actor's Fund contribute to Billy Gray's funeral? How much to the relatives of Anna Von Behren, whom Frank Frayne shot? How much to the victims of the Park Theatre fire? Not one cent. And yet it's for the relief of actors. Like the Brooklyn Fire Fund, probably, it supports several do nothing sons of managers and actors, and thus relieves their parents from the necessity of putting up for them. This is what is meant by a relief fund for actors. It is well the workers of the profession should understand this in case they be called on to volunteer again for such a fund. The green room walls of the theatres all over the country are at this moment plastered all over with subscription lists for the relief of suffering members of the profession, and even the ballet girls are contributing from their wretched salaries, while the big fund is unattainable except to the select few of the inner circle, and these few not working actors at that. It is considered highly impolite on our part to allude to these things. It is thought we should connive at this fraud and blind the public out of consideration for the dignity of the parties who clutch these boodles and stand off the public scrutiny by their tony assumption of grandeur and their supercilious airs. It is astonishing the power these people have. Here are two big stakes gathered from the public and not only diverted from their proper uses, but actually sunk out of sight altogether, and not a newspaper in the country has the courage to ask what has become of the money and to demand an account-

ing on behalf of actors generally. The POLICE GAZETTE stands alone fearlessly challenging the crooked managers of big benefits and exposing their knavery. The rest of the press are mute. If they are not gagged it looks very much like it.

THE hotel keepers all over the country are worse than ever this season in snubbing traveling actors. Well, aren't they right? Why don't the actors respect the selves and their profession first if they wish to command the respect of others? These ignorant fakes imagine that they can pair off with the women of their troupes and pass for husband and wife in the hotels to secure bedroom accommodations together and then a few months after appear with a new allotment of wives and husbands all around. Do they suppose any hotel keeper who has the instincts of decency can tolerate this without experiencing a rising of the gorge? They all do it, too. A company hasn't been a fortnight on the road before the men and women are paired for the season. This is the general rule and we presume no actor will have the hardihood to deny it, when it is so easy for us, if driven to our reserves in argument, to prove the assertion. It has come to so bad a point that anyone who is decent or who calls himself a gentleman must feel debased by traveling with the best of troupes in any capacity. It is all very well for actors to dig their heads into the sand after the fashion of the ostrich; their worst parts remain visible to the public nevertheless and the hotel keepers in snubbing them only express the public judgment as to their social status. And these fellows, these snide actors who regard the women of their profession as merely temporary mistresses to while away pleasantly the dreary hours of their winter tours—these fellows have the assurance to get on their high horse in the bar rooms of the country and go tilting at us! We have traveled and know whereof we speak in this regard and we sincerely pity any gentleman who is obliged to make his living by representing these morally ill-flavored traveling "artists" of the stage in a business capacity. It is only Billy the Ghoul and such low orders of humanity that are in place in the field of business management nowadays.

JUST as we predicted, Charley Thorne has soured on Sphinx Palmer, and detecting his sneaking game has left him for good. For several years old stone face of Union Square has been playing his funny business on Thorne. This actor, the one bright feature of the Union Square Company, has been educated to believe he is not of one-half the importance that really belongs to him. The wily manager has made it appear that in keeping Thorne in his company he has been doing him the greatest of favors, whereas the boot was on the other leg. Charley has been a "kicker" against this dictum for several years, and the Sphinx has tried by every means in his power to break down the actor's growing good opinion of himself. It was to this end he obtained Charles Coghlan to share the leading business three years back, paying him \$300 a week while Thorne's salary was only \$250. This led to a grand kick on the part of Thorne, who was on the point of accepting an engagement offered him by Wallace when Palmer weakened and raised his salary. Coghlan went back to England in a huff, and Thorne was master of the situation. Then he began to look around him and discovered that while he had been wasting his time in the Union Square stock, all the snides of the snide actors of his youth had been making stars of themselves. There was John McCullough, that spear-bearer for Forrest, posing as a great tragedian, with utility Barrett and Keene and all the rest of them accepted as great histrionic stars, while poor Thorne was sunk in the filthy French farces, or flimsy "society" plays of the Union Square. Then he wanted to be a star right off, and Palmer, to cure him of the mania, agreed to take him out starring. It was his design to make Thorne kick of the experiment at the start. We saw through the game of the Sphinx and warned Thorne of it in these columns. He went ahead though, and at last, in the early part of November, was convinced that we were right. He was persistently managed to woo failure. The idea, first of all, of starring him in the walking gentleman role of John Stretlow, Bronson Howard's love sick *Ledger* story dramatization, "The Banker's Daughter," was absurd to begin with. The public, of course, would not accept a walking gentleman as a star, and Palmer would not give Thorne a chance to prove himself anything better than a walking gentleman. At last Thorne saw through this mean game of the Sphinx and left him four weeks ago. He has signed a contract with John Stetson for a year and will begin a starring tour in Boston, opening as *Fabian* and *Louis de Franchi* in the "Corsican Brothers." This transfer was managed by Augustus Piton, as the intermediary, and Palmer was, of course, very much enraged. He and little Piton had a meeting a few days since, and the two grasped each other by the shirt collar and ruined each other's linen, but no other evil results came of the affair than those that could be repaired by their Chinese laundryman or their tailor. Piton is a little black-eyed, slender chap with a squirming, sly, sly way about him, that is a very good match to the sneaking, snaky cunning that Palmer conceals behind the stony mask of the Sphinx. Piton began fifteen years ago as a small actor in Booth's Theatre, imitating Edwin Booth in style, voice and action under his very nose. This style of thing was not a success; so Piton searching for another profitable type came across Palmer. He thought he might imitate that small object with success. He started out as an experiment as a manager for "Texas Jack," then took the management of the Toronto Grand Opera House for a season, and finally gravitated to Booth's Theatre, under the present management. There he found his first chance to put his imitative training to the test. He has met Palmer on his own ground of mean small potato trickery, and has beaten him by sneaking away with Thorne in his pocket—that is, with the equivalent of the spoons and all the silver plate of the Union Square mansion. They'll have to furnish their banquets hereafter on bare boards, with "sticks" to purvey the viands instead of silver forks. But Thorne needn't think he's out of the woods yet. Let him keep his eyes peeled for he's still in danger. We'll bet that tragedian will get a "creek" in his neck from looking over his shoulder to see what mean tricks are being played on him behind his back.

ONE of the mines of the Lehigh Valley coal company at Lansford, Pa., which had been on fire for over a year, was extinguished on the 1st inst. On Dec. 6 a party of miners while exploring the mine found the body of a miner named David Morgan, who had disappeared in 1877. The remains were, to the surprise of everyone, found to be well preserved.

A NICE SORT OF DAUGHTER.

Being Seduced, She Lays It on Her Old Dad to Screen Her Lover.

North Chillicothe, Ohio, has been excited by the development of a supposed case of incest. The parties are Charles Littrest and his daughter Christina, a buxom lass of 19 years. Littrest is a widower with eight children, six of whom lived at their home, Christina being the eldest and the head of the family in more senses than one, if her own story as first told is true. There are a thousand and one reports of the affair, some prompted by gossip but more by the declaration of the girl herself. The one thing certain is that on Friday, Nov. 24, she gave birth to a child. Of course the neighbors noted the signs which precede such an event and plied her with questions as to the father. To more than one she stated that her own father was the father of her unborn babe.

Of course such a report drew down upon Littrest the contempt of all who caught on to it and he was discharged from Marfield & Massie's cooper shop in consequence and again from Frey's cooper shop, the managers of the shops declining to associate with or harbor a wretch who would be guilty of such immorality. She talked very freely to a reporter who called on her on the 26th ult. She was found lying upon a lounge with the evidence of her shame in her arms. She talked freely about the affair and said she knew of the reports that were current and that they were started by what she had said. She had told but one person that her father was the guilty man, but she had lied, that her father was innocent and didn't even suspect who was the person with whom she had been intimate, that he had demanded to know but she had refused to tell him.

She also denied the report that she had occupied the same bed with her father since the death of the mother and brought up other members of the family who backed her assertion. She was reminded that if her story was true she had acted most cruelly to her father and brought upon him undeserved scorn, proscription and loss of employment, all to shield a man who had basely deceived her. Before she had rattled off her story in a merry sort of way, laughing as she went, but now showed her only evidence of feeling, turning her head to the wall and after choking down a sob or two, said:

"I'll not tell whose child it is; I wouldn't tell Propphy. I may tell him after a while but it is not Propphy's and it is not brother Charlie's nor it ain't Karl Ginter's."

The latter part referred to reports current as to the parentage of the child, that about her brother being coupled with the report that he had been driven from home in consequence of criminal intimacy with his sister; but this she denied, saying her father had made him go away because he was within a few months of his majority, had constantly refused to assist in the support of the family and was cruel to the children—a fact which she declares was known to all the neighbors. It is a badly mixed up story as it now stands and the girl is the author of both versions.

THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

The Old Romance Attempted in Miniature but Destroyed by Modern Realism.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Nov. 24 there came out at Mason City, Ill. the details of a romantic elopement that set the tongues of all the gossips of that town wagging noisily. For some time it was noticed that the children of two neighbors seemed unusually sweet upon each other. Dick Ruth, 15 years old, is the name of the tender Romeo, and Anna Roberts, aged 14, is that of the youthful Juliet. The latter is the daughter of a conductor on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

On Tuesday, Nov. 21, the youthful pair were missing, and after a vain search it was found that they had eloped, when last seen they being on the road to Cherry Grove together. The parents of both children at once started in pursuit, and on arriving at Cherry Grove found evidence of their having camped out. The pursuit was kept up until Nov. 23, when the parents arrived at Minier. On inquiries being made no trace of the fugitives could be found. A farmer in the vicinity said he had seen two strange little girls walking hand in hand from the direction of Cherry Grove. One of the party suggested that some clue might be had by overhauling the twain. So off started the parents again and finally overhauled the two little girls.

On coming up with the children one of them was recognized as Dick Ruth, the little gallant having disguised himself in one of his inamorata's dresses. The tired wails had walked the entire distance of thirty-five miles, and the pangs of hunger and cold had cooled their passion to such an extent that they were glad to get back again. They are at present secluded in their respective homes awaiting a family council as to the disposition to be made of them.

A FASTIDIOUS DARKEY.

A Kentucky Moke Wants a Divorce Because His Wife is a White Woman.

In the chancery court in Louisville, Ky., on the 2d inst., Bob Mayho, a colored waiter, filed a petition for divorce on the ground that his wife Josephine is a white woman. The honeymoon being over the amorous darkey feels inclined to renew it with another bride and therefore discovers that Josephine is not a mulatto but on the contrary thorough out and out "white trash" of the purest strain. He says while he was a waiter at the Galt House he was introduced to her as a mulatto and marrying her took her to Danville. After he had been there some time he was met one day by Mr. John Shelby, a farmer, who in conversation told Mayho that his wife was white and was the adopted daughter of Dr. McKnight, a Louisville physician. Shelby had married a sister of Mayho's wife. Subsequent investigation proved the truth of the statement.

The girl had come of a good family and had fallen until she became an inmate of a Congress alley brothel, mingling freely with negroes and passing for a mulatto. Mayho says that under the laws of Kentucky against miscegenation both are liable to fine and imprisonment. The adopted father of the girl was a prominent citizen and the case caused a genuine sensation in circles in which he moved. It is said that both of the daughters are the illegitimate children of the adopted father's intimate friend and were raised in a spirit of philanthropy. The court records show no parallel case. Bob chuckles over the law's confusion and says he thinks he has the bulge and is pretty sure to catch on to a fresh cream colored bride.

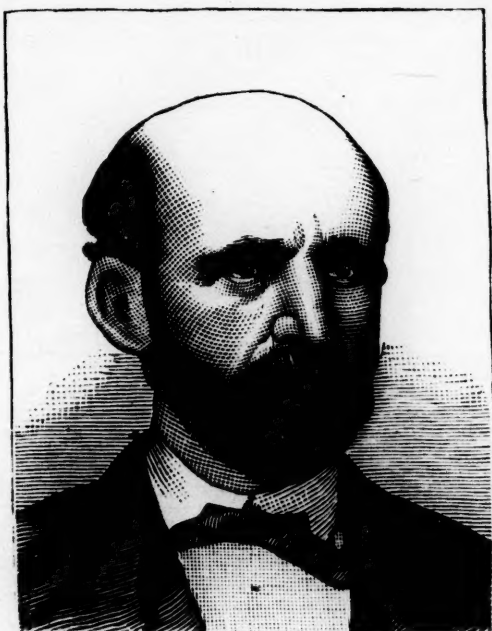


THE JERSEY LILY CUTS LOOSE.

SHE ATTENDS A BACHELOR DINNER IN NEW YORK AND HAS A ROW WITH MRS. LABOUCHERE, WHO RENOUNCES HER.

Poor Stricken Lothario.

We present this week a portrait of Rush C. Tevis, who shot his wife's paramour, Frank J. Iglehart, the gay young society Lothario who had an intrigue with the beautiful society lady, Mrs. Rose Tevis, niece of General Sherman and wife of the wealthy St. Louis merchant, Rush C. Tevis. Iglehart didn't cover his tracks well, and was caught on Nov. 8 by the angry husband as he was leaving an assignation house with Mrs. Tevis. The benedict was armed and shot Lothario in the arm, crushing the bones in a frightful manner, but not necessitating the loss of the limb. Had not the fair and frail Rose interposed, however, to save her handsome lover, Tevis would have filled his body full of lead beyond a doubt. Iglehart is a member of a tony club in St. Louis and holds a good social position. There is a levee held daily



HENRY RICH,

OF NEW YORK CITY, DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY ON DECEMBER 4.

about his sick bed. Ladies send him flowers and the *creme de la creme* call on him, and altogether he is having a glorious period of convalescence, in verification of the "thoroughbred's" adage that "it's no use of being a fellow unless you're a devil of a fellow." Iglehart being unmarried is likely to become a prime article in the highest matrimonial markets of St. Louis since his piquant little escapade. There's nothing like it to bull a fellow's sentimental stocks in the markets of the first society.

William Devine.

Inspector William Devine, of the Cincinnati police force, is now 42 years old, and was born



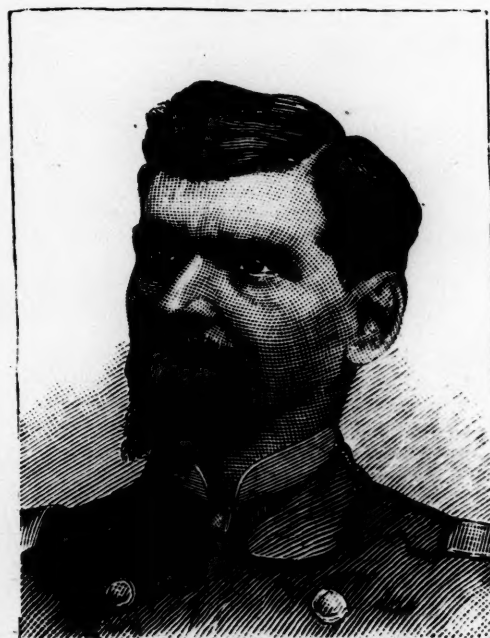
RUSH C. TEVIS,

THE INJURED ST. LOUIS HUSBAND, WHO SHOT HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR, FRANK J. IGLEHART, WHILE LEAVING AN ASSIGNATION HOUSE WITH HER.

in Cincinnati. He was a bright boy and a universal favorite. Marrying at the age of 21 he engaged in the dramatic business until the commencement of the civil war, when he enlisted under General Rosecrans. At the close of the war he engaged in mercantile pursuits until 1868, when he went on the police force as a substitute, and has risen through every grade of the department up to his present rank which he has held since 1871. As an officer he is fearless and active and has the entire confidence of his superiors. He is a man of considerable literary taste and capacity, having at various periods of his life contributed to many of the most prominent journals and magazines in the country.

A Corpse in a Barrel.

A sensation was created at Dayton, Ohio, on



WILLIAM DEVINE,

THE NEW INSPECTOR OF THE CINCINNATI, OHIO, POLICE.

the evening of Nov. 20, by the announcement that the body of a man had been found in a barrel which was presented at the United States Express office for shipment to Cincinnati. It was directed to Dr. J. L. Cilley, of that city, and was brought to the express office by two men dressed as countrymen. They gave it as a barrel of whiskey, but as it was rolled about the body fell from side to side and the deception was discovered. The barrel was opened, and afterwards shipped to the party directed. It was a "stiff" torn from the grave and sold for dissection. It is thought that the ghouls belong in Cincinnati, and that they have been practicing their work for some time in the cemeteries of Dayton and the Soldiers' Home.



CAPT. C. S. BENNETT,

CHIEF OF THE DANVILLE, VA., FIRE DEPARTMENT.

An Oregon Woman Slayer.

On the 18th of August, G. W. Smith, a pioneer settler near North Yamhill, Oregon, murdered a Mrs. Mary Petch, a neighbor of his in that wild country. He hid under a bridge over which she was driving a wagon on her way home with her little stepson. When she had passed and was up the hill he emerged from his place of concealment and taking deliberate aim with a Winchester rifle, shot her through the head. She had defeated him in laying claim to 80 acres of rich land belonging to the government which she coveted for herself and in revenge he murdered her. A reward of \$1,000 is offered by the sheriff of Yamhill county, Oregon, for his capture. He is accurately described as follows:

About 50 years old. Weight about 150 or 155 lbs., 5 feet 7, or 5 feet 8, in height. Slightly gray, not perceptible at a distance, hair and beard brown; but not a clear, or bright brown; usually clean shaven, except mustache, which was tolerably heavy. Complexion not dark, but inclined to be tawny or muddy; eyes blue, and perhaps a little inclined to be red or inflamed about the corners. Stooped in the shoulders, and wide from point to point of the shoulders; inclined to be sunken in the breast, rather short neck, head inclined forward and down; rather inclined to be slow and deliberate, both in action and conversation; rather thin face, nose tolerably large, and a little inclined to be Roman; voice rather nasal, not very heavy, and when raised to a high key inclined to the whining, and perhaps a little cracked.

Dan Van Wagenen.

A detective arrested at Holland, Mich., on Dec. 1, Dan Van Wagenen, alias Wagoner, and Dan Root, convicts who escaped from the house of correction at Ionia, Mich., on Nov. 30. Van Wagenen was sentenced to forty-five years' im-



JONATHAN D. HEWITT,

BIGAMIST, CAUGHT IN CHICAGO, NOW IN JAIL IN BUFFALO.

prisonment about six years ago, for assault with intent to commit murder and robbery. Four years after his incarceration, Van Wagenen escaped from the house of correction and went to Canada. He was lured into Buffalo by detectives, captured and returned to Ionia. He professes to be a sincere Christian and an hour before his escape made a very touching prayer during the services in the chapel. His relatives are quite respectable people. His father has a coal office at 408 West Van Buren street, Chicago.

Warden E. C. Watkins of the house of correction at Ionia, immediately after his escape offered a reward and employed detectives. Four operatives were detailed to shadow the residence and office of the paternal Van Wagenen in Chicago. Finally it was discovered that a package containing \$30 had been sent from Van Wagenen's coal office, Chicago, addressed to "D. Mills, Holland, Mich." this clue led to the arrest of the escaped convict.

Capt. C. S. Bennett.

We print this week a portrait of Capt. C. S. Bennett, foreman of Hose Company No. 1 of Danville, Va. Capt.

Bennett has long been connected with this department, and is now the senior officer and acting Chief Fire Marshall. He took charge of this company when it was an independent or-



ETTA SAMPLES,

THE STAGE-STRUCK BRIDE WHO ELOPED WITH A LOVER FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

paid by the city. Capt. Bennett is a man of great discretion at fires and has through his gallant commandship saved thousands of dollars in property to the citizens of Danville as well as to the many insurance companies represented there. Capt. Bennett is 36 years old, 5 feet 10 and weight 166.

A Buffalo Bigamist.

Jonathan D. Hewitt, bigamist, is now in the Erie County jail at Buffalo, awaiting sentence. Hewitt married Honora Hawkins at Mount Forest, Canada, on April 27, 1878, and has two children by her, the youngest only 15 days old. Under the

assumed name of Daniel Eastman on Nov. 15th he married Agnes J. Lamont, a beautiful white girl, whose mother has married a colored man. Hewitt ran off to Chicago where Detective Main



DAN VAN WAGENEN,

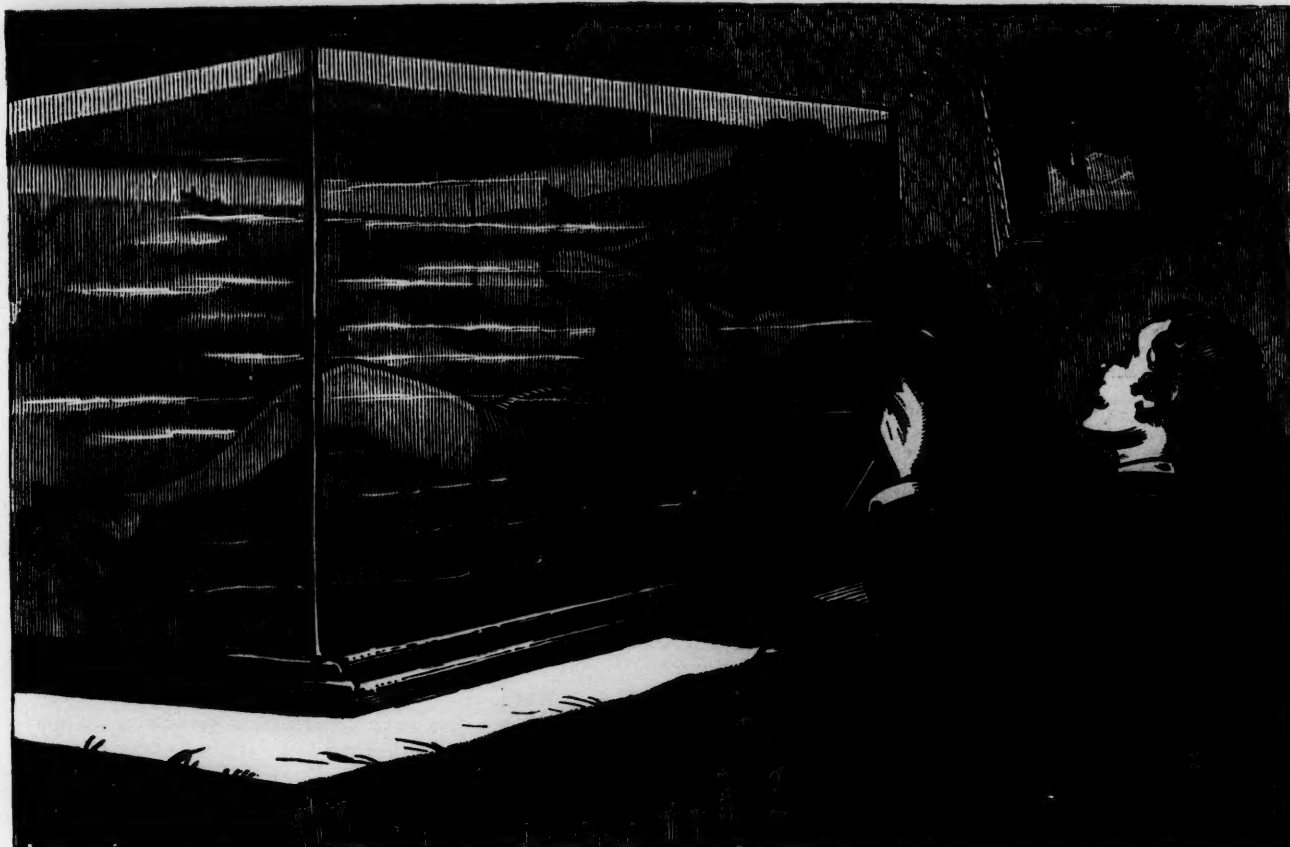
ESCAPED FROM PRISON AT IONIA, MICH., AND LATELY RECAPTURED.

a representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, who saw him in the "freezer" through the courtesy of assistant Police Superintendent Dimick. It is thought Hewitt may have contracted matrimonial alliances in other cities.

Family Throat Cutting.

A happy family of Chester, Ill., furnished a ghastly item for the papers on Nov. 29. Joe Burliston a railroad brakeman and his wife were both found in their house with their throats cut, but not suffering from necessarily mortal injuries. Burliston says his wife told him she was sick, and begged him to remain in the house. He sat down by the fire, and his wife slipped up behind him and drew a razor across his throat, making an ugly wound, and then cut her own throat. Mrs. Burliston claims that her husband cut her throat and then cut his own. There were no witnesses to the deed, and it is not known which party did the cutting. Mrs. Burliston's throat bears the uglier wound of the two. The parties are both badly hurt, but will probably recover.

On the evening of Nov. 29, John Mueller, a well-to-do German saloon keeper of Pittsburg, Pa., who was shaving himself after having taken his supper pleasantly with his family, sent his little girl out on some trivial errand and when she returned, which was in about fifteen minutes, a most ghastly sight met her eyes. There, lying on the floor, in great pools of blood, were both her parents, with their throats cut from ear to ear. The child was horrified, and ran out into the streets screaming that her father had killed her mother. The police soon arrived on the scene, and upon entering the house the terrible story of the little girl was verified. It is not known how the crime was committed, or what was the provocation, but it is believed to have been jealousy that crazed him. It is supposed that after the little girl left the room he went over to his wife, who was sitting



A BOGUS WATER QUEEN.

AN INGENIOUS NEW YORK BELLE GETS RID OF AN OBNOXIOUS ADMIRER BY THE NOVEL DEVICE OF INTRODUCING A DIME MUSEUM ACT INTO A FIFTH AVENUE PARLOR.

ganization under the name of Pace Hose, organized by Capt. Ed. M. Pace, the old and well-known tobacco warehouseman, at which time the members received no pay. They are now

followed and arrested him. In Chicago he ran away with \$300 in wages belonging to some stevedores on the dock of whom he was overseer. Hewitt admitted his guilt when spoken to by



THE NEW PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

A BOY LOVER, OF MASON CITY, ILL., DISGUISES HIMSELF IN HIS SWEETHEART'S CLOTHES, AND THE PAIR ELOPE.



G. W. SMITH,

AN OREGON WOMAN SLAYER, WANTED FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

on the sofa, and attacked her before she had time to give the alarm or get away. The razor was found on the piano, partly dried and half in the case.

In a boarding house at Park City, Utah, on Dec. 1, a Chinese cook drew a knife on a boarder named O. B. Johnson and made a pass at him. Johnson walked out and soon returned with a revolver, with which he beat the Chinaman's head almost to a pulp.

PARIS INSIDE OUT; OR, Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the
Sprees and Soberings up; the Life,
Love and Pastimes Generally of
a New York Sport in the Gay-
est City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The
Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

CHAPTER I.

MR. POTTS MAKES A STRIKE.

Joe Potts is one of the boys—one of the boyest of the boys. Joe is a clerk in the Deutonic Insurance office. His salary is modest, so modest that it makes no show at all.

"It gives me a spring and fall suit every year," says Joe, "but I'll be laid out by a clam if there's margin enough for an overcoat."

Joe, however, is a youth of expediency, and he manages to supplement his respectable income by various and sundry operations at billiards, draw poker and other lawful games of chance which with the "straight tips" he picks up on little events at Sheephead, Jerome Park and other race courses, enables him not only to see life at a somewhat rapid pace, but, what is of some importance to his associates, to pay his way into the bargain.

"If it wasn't for the Deutonic people," he says, "I'd run a fast horse and buggy, but they'd drop to it like a pile driver and then I'd be fired out. No, fellows! I'll freeze to the insurance business. It sounds respectable, anyhow."

Mr. Joseph Potts is a loud dresser. Though in no wise connected with the land of Rob Roy, he is deeply affected by plaid, and a tartan of howling and vivid pattern always moves him. He is partial to boldly cut garments, and at the present moment it is a source of deep anxiety to his numerous circle as to whether his nether garments have been pasted to his legs, and if it will become necessary to remove them through some cunning chemical process, or by hot water steeps, as in the case of a blister.

His scarf is a scarf within a scarf, as it presents several folds, one inside of the other, and of various if not startling hues. The pin which confines these folds represents the effigy of the fair Amy Howard, who has so recently borne off the POLICE GAZETTE prize as champion female pedestrian. Joe does not confine his scarf adornment to this one bright particular pin. Oh, no! He sports the heads of pug dogs, horses, foxes and other animals in various metals. A death's head in ivory is somewhat of a favorite, and his especial weakness is a carved image of Sarah Bernhardt, the body being that of a skeleton. Joe won the work of art from one of the minor members of the stock company, a certain Monsieur Amadie, who performed with Donna Sol, at a little game of draw poker. The artist wept as he parted with this bizarre trinket, a gift from the bony handed Sarah, and swore that he would remit 10,000 francs from Paris to redeem it. Joe froze to the pin until one night on the Boulevard des Italiens—but more of this hereafter.

Mr. Potts' shirt collars enter the regions of his closely cut back hair, and supporting his jaws, suddenly falls down in triangular fashion, revealing the apple of his throat. His shoes, the uppers being of cerulean cloth, are as pointed as the ace of spades. His jewelry is as brilliant as it is showy. In addition to a meteoric scarf pin he wears a watch chain of colossal design that hangs in festoons all over his stomach. Two gold rings, each adorned with a slab of some precious stone, the size and shape of a postage stamp, are sported on either hand, while his sleeve buttons, facetious representations of \$100 greenbacks cunningly wrought in numerous metals, are the admiration of all beholders.

Joe's hat is a *la mode*, right in the centre of the prevailing fashion; and his importations from the French market consequent upon his trip to Paris are simply riot-to-de-riddle. Oh!

Mr. Joseph Potts is not an Adonis, nor is he a Hercules; but it does not require the exceptional beauty of the one, or the exceptional strength of the other, to win the heart of ladies fair, as Joe's adventures in Paris will go to prove. If the worthy fellow's nose was a little less flat, his eyes a trifle more open, his teeth somewhat whiter, and his mouth of a richer order of architecture he would be entitled to be called handsome. Yet, as I have already stated, he is a success with the ladies, and let him go where he will, from Coney Island to the Champs Elysees, he is pretty certain of getting up a "mash."

Is it the twist of the tawny mustache? Is it the shampooed lightning that twinkles in the corner of his eye? Is it the English cavalry mode of slapping his leg with his gold-headed cane? Is it that half smile, half smirk that says as plainly as the posters of Catherine Lewis, as *Olette*, "You're a daisy?" Who knows. Perhaps when we meet Mr. Potts by and by in Paris we may be enabled to detect the secret of his success. At all events we shall endeavor so to do.

It was a broiling day in June last that Mr. Joseph, who had repaired from his official duties under plea of sudden indisposition was to be seen entering the vestibule of a small brown stone house in West Twenty-second street. Having pulled the bell a certain number of times, and at certain intervals the chained door was cautiously opened by a gentleman of showy and brilliant appearance.

"Oh, it's you, Joe!" greeted this gentleman, as he withdrew the protesting door.

"On han I, like. Any news?"

"There's news, Joe."

"Who's won?"

"What'll you set up Joe? I'll bet you?"

"I ain't going to set up anything unless Hindoo has won."

"Then you just order a couple of baskets of wine, Joe."

"Wha—what?"

"—s won. Here's the dispatch."

Mr. Joseph Potts snatched the document from the extended hand of his companion, and having perused it with eyes that darted from their sockets, gave a wild whoop such as the red man is supposed to indulge in while "raising the hair" of a white one, and shouted in a voice that literally dribbled over with joy:

"By thunder! I've scooped four thousand dollars!"

You bet."

Mr. Potts did not see his desk at the Deutonic Insurance office for a week. A doctor's certificate hinted at brain trouble. The manager, to whom Joe had given a couple of straight tips on certain turf events, sent a boy on Saturday with the slim salary and a polite message.

How Joe enjoyed the joke of receiving \$15 for doing nothing, and with \$3,500 to credit—for \$500 had melted into wine for the boys and a bracelet for Diana Beauchamp, of the Belletombe Opera Bouffe Company, a prize strawberry blonde, of whom Mr. Potts was for the time being deeply enamored.

Various were the suggestions of the "boys," and of the "girls" too, as to the disposal of the \$3,500 which had magnified itself to \$20,000 through the glowing imaginations of the not too veracious narrators.

"Shake the insurance and set up a betting office."

"Take a strawberry blonde company on the road."

"Start a colored comic paper in opposition to *Puck*."

"Open a saloon for the 'fancy' up town."

There were, of course, mill lions in any scheme proposed, while as for applications for loans, all of Pott's friends suddenly became dead broke.

"You'll take me to Saratoga," urged Diana Beauchamp. "I guess I'd like a month at the Grand Union."

"Your nose would give you away, dear," observed a spiteful sister artist.

That sister artist became suddenly bereaved of some of her own hair, of which she possessed but little, nor was that little long. Diana's clutch was that of an octopus.

Joe's idea became a little mixed in regard to the immediate disposal of his \$3,500; for dispose of it he would, and that, too, right away. This was the chance for taking a big pleasure contract, something to remember, something to brag and talk about. Why not shake the insurance business and skip for Europe? Europe! The idea blossomed in his imagination: for did not Europe mean Paris? and did not Paris mean—yum-yum?

Now it had been a wild dream of Joe's to visit Paris. He had seen *Aimée*, and was led to believe that all French ladies were as gay, festive and *chic* as this gifted artist. He had been deliciously sweet upon a Parisian lady attached to a traveling circus. He had become fascinated with the naughty can-can, and endeavored to imagine its acrobatic glories as danced at the student's balls in the Latin Quarter.

He had read diluted translations of wicked French romances, and was naturally led to believe that the happy hunting ground of the "masher" lay in the beautiful Boulevards. He had lent attentive ear to stories of amorous adventures in the Champs Elysees that caused his blood to leap. Photographs had been shown to him of French nymphs, graciously generous in the revelation of the lower extremities, diabolically enchanting in pose and smile, heart-wrecking in face and form.

In addition to "woman, lovely woman," was not Paris a sort of glittering glory—a place to visit and dote upon for evermore?

"Three thousand dollars ought to give me a high old time in Paris," he argued, "and if I'm bounced from the Deutonic I'd have \$500 and my luck to fall back upon. If I give Smoother (the manager) a point I'd square him, anyway. If I'm fired out I have \$500 and I ought to be able to fix up \$15 a week somewhere else."

The idea of a trip to Paris commenced to have an electric light for Joe. Its brightness dazzled while it delighted him. He might never get another chance, and a chance missed is a big thing lost. If he stopped in New York his money was sure to dribble away. Coney Island and Rockaway Beach would eat into it, for now that Diana knew that he was in funds she turned up her somewhat hooked nasal organ at lager beer. Mumm's extra dry was tony, and the toniest thing on the island was about good enough for her.

"It comes high," she would cry, "but I must have it," and she had it.

A visit to a variety show where a Mademoiselle Fiffine warbled a most seductive melody in broken English, in which she merrily related the pleasure that certain young French married ladies take in deceiving their husbands, decided Joe and on the very next day he publicly announced his intention of running over to Paris.

Mr. Smoother was easily squared.

"I guess I'll manage to keep your position open, Joe," he said; "if I can't I'll fix it in some way when you get back. Did you say I was to lay six or seven to two?"

The boys at first were very indignant that Joe should make such a blunder, blooming idiot of himself as to go and melt his pile on a racket in a foreign land, especially when such blooming rackets were to be had at home, and told him so in the plainest and most unadorned English, but when they found that his mind was made up they uproariously resolved upon giving him no end of a good send off. A tug to accompany him down the bay was hinted at, provided he supplied the steam, but as he turned a bothered ear they contented themselves with proposing a wine supper the night previous to his sailing, "just," as Ed. Whiffler expressed it, "to put the correct sort of a head on our parting pal."

When Miss Beauchamp learned of Mr. Potts' intention of visiting the glittering French capital she made up her mind that she would take a hand in the game and brought all the seductive wiles of which she was mistress, and their name was legion, into play in order to induce Joseph to take her with him.

"You wouldn't get your health there," he facetiously observed. "The French climate is real rough on blondes. Besides, I want to tear round and couldn't pay you all the attention that your charms demand."

"You want to make new lady friends, Mr. Potts," cried Diana.

"There are one or two old ladies over there whom I have introduced to. I promise you not to be introduced to any lady under fifty-five. Sweet old daisies!"

"Bah! And you expect me to grill here in New York? To languish for you? I guess," she added, in an ironical tone, "you'd want me to write my mail—to keep a diary—to account for myself during your

absence. Bah! Oh, won't I have a time with Ed. Rice!" This gentleman was Mr. Potts' rival.

"Won't we go to the island and bathe together and have no end of a racket? Ed. sets up wine like a gentleman, he does," and seeing that as far as Mr. Potts was concerned Mr. Rice might set up all the champagne that existed between Norton's and the Oriental, she changed her tune and leaping to her feet—her golden hair had been falling in cataracts over Mr. Potts' coat—exclaimed with tigerish snappishness:

"Anyways I'll go. You can't hinder me. I can make a raise. Paris is big enough to hold both of us. Don't flatter yourself I want your society. I have quantities of gentlemen friends dead gone on me who'll drop to any wish of mine. Oh, go, go, by all means. Perhaps you're taking Miss Withers (the young lady who taunted Diana on the formation of her nasal organ). I guess she'll be only too glad. I wish you joy. Oh, you're a nice one, you are, a nasty, ungrateful, vulgar beast. Boo hoo hoo!" and Miss Beauchamp refreshed herself with tears, to the utter annihilation of her strawberry complexion, which came away in flakes.

Joe was particularly careful in the selection of his deck suit and after inspecting the ready-made clothing of four Broadway stores, collapsed over a symphony in green.

"It's real Oscar," observed the salesman, "and the most tony suit we've exploited this season. It will harmonize real sweet with the green sea, the blue sky or the yellow deck. If you should happen to be bilious it will look bilious, not you. Oh, it's real Oscar."

"Take a deck chair along," suggested Bill Blummer. "It's O. K. to begin with and you can always offer to loan it to a lady. This opens the conversation. Phil Crummit got in with a widow from Boston on account of deck chairs and Jim Taylor's boss mash came out of one on the ocean. People become as thick as Broadway mud. I'll lay the odds you won't be beyond Sandy Hook till you get up a mash with it."

"Cabin passenger?" asked the vender of deck chairs, as he took down Pott's name and ship.

"Do I look like a steerage passenger, sir?" retorted Joe, considerably irritated.

It was a glorious morning. The White Star dock was thronged with humanity in the highest condition of animation. The decks of the *Britannic* were packed with a festive crowd of ladies and gentlemen. The people who were going to cross looked radiant and were attired in the most fashionable and tony traveling raiment. The people who were seeing off their friends endeavored to appear as if they had passages booked by the next boat. Flowers, flowers everywhere, from the tables in the saloon to the dainty hands of fair recipients of floral favors, whispering with melancholy cavaliers in sly corners.

Young ladies with unexceptionable ankles stood on the hurricane deck, revealing laced petticoats and admirably turned legs. Lovers conversed earnestly and spoke of the misery of being parted. Wives begged of their husbands not to forget to send the bank checks. Old ladies hysterically watched for their baggage. All was life and bustle and animation.

A hack carriage drove up. It contained five of the nobler sex. The nobler sex was full to a man. The fullest of the five was Joseph Potts, Esquire. It was a festive and memorable occasion and he had made merry accordingly. His round white hat, narrow as to rim, was cocked over his left eyebrow. A white muslin tie was searching for his jugular. His vest was held in bondage by one button. A blue and yellow silk handkerchief hung in amplitude from his breast pocket. A soulless cigar clung to his lips.

"Say, is this the racket?" he demanded of a grim, elderly gentleman who was engaged in taking a solemn farewell of a grim, elderly lady, rich in lavender silk.

"I fail to understand your meaning, sir," was the icy reply.

"Oh, you've failed, have you? How many cents on the dollar can you put up? That's the question. How many—"

"Come along," cried Tom Adkins, "let's have another bottle of wine before the start."

They lurched aboard and plunged recklessly into the fashionable crowd, who glared at them. Joe's eye caught a glimpse of a pair of ankles on the upper deck attached to the limbs of a youthful lady in widow's weeds.

"That's my mash," he exclaimed. "She ain't pretty, but that!" endeavoring to make his thumb and forefinger meet in a snap, "that, I say, for a face. Give me a good figure and well turned legs. Eh, old hand shell!" slapping a nervous looking man on the back, causing him to start with a shrill exclamation.

"Come along, Joe," urged Adkins, who was as dry as a cuckoo, "there's the accursed bell."

It was with difficulty that Joe could be induced to descend to his stateroom, where he found a gray-haired gentleman of Puritanical garb extracting a black silk travelling cap from a valise.

"What in Jehu are you doing here?" demanded Potts.

"This upper berth is mine, 280," meekly responded the other. "I am the Rev. Mr. Spoondyke."

"Gosh!" roared Joe, "here's a racket. A preacher right over us. Come out of here."

Joe now became a little maudlin and begged of his friends to send a carriage for Diana.

"I'll keep this damned old bulk at the dock till she comes. The cap will do anything for me. The poor girl is crazy to come. She ain't bad hearted after all and she's dead gone on yours truly. Ring for a district messenger. I'll set up a basket of wine when she arrives. What'll I do with the preacher? Ain't he a picture? I'll insure his life and make my commission."

There was no time for that last bottle and Potts' friends, with many expressions of regret at losing the wine, bade him adieu. Joe, recognizing the widow lady whose ankles had captivated him, endeavored to reach the upper deck but failing to discover the approach lay down on a sofa in the companion way and responded to the shouts of his pals, who were perched on the extremity of the dock and lustily calling on his name, by vigorous and trombone-like noises.

How our hero comported himself on the voyage shall be told next week.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chapter II. of "Paris Inside Out" will tell how Joe Potts got the preacher drunk, mashed the widow and made things lively generally in his trip across the herring pond. Let out a button, for it is a screamer from the toes up.

PEPPERKORN, the mashing music teacher, who clodped to St. Louis, Mo., some months ago from Fort Calhoun, Neb., with Mary Frohm, aged 14, was indicted by the grand jury at the latter place on November 28th and will be tried for abduction.

BODY SNATCHERS TRAPPED.

A Party of Human Ghouls Caught in the Street with
a Wagon Load of Corpses.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The purveyors of "stiffs" for the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia have been for several years very prompt in providing supplies of subjects for the dissecting room, which is always kept full of human remains. Several prying reporters of a Philadelphia paper, while writing up the college and its workings, noticed among other things the regularity with which the dead bodies were furnished at the command of the faculty and furthermore detected that these bodies were dragged fresh from the grave in some cemetery not far distant from Philadelphia.

The news hunting scribes therefore followed up the subject with the view of getting on a big sensation article. In this they succeeded admirably.

After several preliminary excursions and much spying on their own hook they finally took a couple of detectives into their confidence and on the night of Dec. 4 the party went out on the road to Lebanon colored cemetery and lay in ambush. Shortly after midnight there came along a wagon in which were Frank McNamee, "Dutch" Pillet and Levi Chew, the latter a colored man. The vehicle was laden with six dead bodies, which had been freshly dragged from their graves and which were intended for the dissecting room. The detectives and the reporters overpowered the three men and put them in irons. The three were recognized as professional resurrectionists.

The next day, the 6th inst., four of the six bodies were recognized at the morgue by their relatives. One of them was the body of Hans Jorgensen, who committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. The next day after this arrest there was a great sensation among the negro population, who crowded the streets and made a violent assault on the body snatchers, beating and kicking them in spite of their police guard. The officers were obliged to draw their pistols to drive off the furious mob.

Robert Chew, the superintendent of the cemetery, was also arrested for aiding the resurrectionists to select fresh corpses. When he was arrested he weakened at once and began to cry. He said he was paid \$3 for every body taken from the cemetery. He did not know how many graves had been robbed. Sometimes Pillet did the digging and sometimes Levy. He had been in the cemetery eleven years and the body snatching had been going on for nine years. His brother-in-law, Solomon Butcher, now in Maryland, did it first, then a man named Myers and then McNamee. Sometimes if the wagon came and the driver said they were short the coffins were opened in the receiving vault, the corpses "snatched" and the farce of burying the empty coffin was gone through next day.

The records of the burials found at the cemetery the next morning showed that in two months 55 bodies were in one grave, which proves a pretty rapid transfer from that one place of interment to the dissecting room.

The accused were committed in default of \$5,000 and were conveyed from the court room to the jail with the utmost difficulty, the furious negro mob in the street making a furious attempt to lynch them.

The excitement grew in Philadelphia during the week following the first exposure of this frightful traffic. Every family that could afford the expense set to work having its graves in Lebanon Cemetery opened to see if the bodies remained there or if they had been removed to a dissecting room. Hundreds of graves were found empty and the graveyard presented scenes of frenzy, madness and threatened riot. The Mayor was blamed for not having at once ordered an investigation into the state of affairs in Jefferson College. While he delayed, however, the students openly boasted that the head had been promptly cut off of every "subject" in the college dissecting rooms and in its vaults.

On the 6th inst. there was a crowd of two thousand colored people in the cemetery. Many of these brought picks and shovels and ropes and set to work themselves opening the graves of their relatives.

A boy in tramping along the fence with a small stick struck something hard that was sticking a few inches above the surface, and, on kicking it, out rolled the skull of a human being. In a very few minutes about two hundred persons were congregated around the spot and soon unearthed portions of a skeleton. Portions of other skeletons were also found here; also the body of a man that had not been in the ground a great period. The body was nude and had not been interred in a coffin, apparently having been laid a few inches under the ground and a board laid over it. An old colored man who stood close by explained to the crowd that this was some of the work of Chew, the superintendent, and was known as "shifting a body"—that is that a body would apparently be interred in the presence of the mourners, but as soon as they departed from the cemetery the remains would be taken from the coffin, shifted to another grave along the eastern fence, and then removed by McNamee and his party to some dissecting room.

AN ELECTRIC INSULT.

A Bad Word Ticked by the Wires Leads to a Shooting.

We do most things nowadays with modern improvements. Even our quarrels are being facilitated and brought to a head by telegraph, judging from the following case reported from Leavenworth, Kansas:

A singular quarrel ended on Nov. 26 by W. D. Hoyt, a stenographer and telegraph operator at the Leavenworth glucose factory, shooting and mortally wounding Bailey, a train despatcher for the Union Pacific at Lawrence.

The parties were entire strangers. A couple of days before while they were talking over the wires a dispute arose and Bailey called Hoyt a very hard name. Hoyt asked him by telegraph to retract which Bailey refused to do.

On Nov. 28 Hoyt went to Lawrence on an early train and going into Bailey's office met him for the first time. Personally and demanded a retraction. He said he would not leave until the retraction was made, whereupon Bailey went to his desk and was in the act of pulling open a drawer when Hoyt fired at him with a self-cocking revolver, striking him in the breast.

Hoyt was at once arrested and is now in custody at Lawrence. He was under the impression that Bailey was opening the drawer to get a revolver. Hoyt belongs to a good family in Cincinnati. His father is editor of the *Christian Advocate*.

A MIDNIGHT SIEGE.

The Cook Brothers, Tracked to Their Home in Kansas, Make a Big Fight.

The Young Ladies of the Family Take a Hand in the Battle With Their Revolvers.

After a long rest, Kansas comes out with another thrilling sensation worked up by the bandit class of its citizens. Shortly after 3 o'clock on the morning of November 27, in the neighborhood of Tenth and Taylor streets, Topeka, Kan., pistol shots were suddenly heard to ring out in rapid succession on the frosty air, and for a few minutes there was a perfect fusillade. Neighbors were awakened, but none had the temerity to rush to the seat of war. The weather was too cold anyhow. The cause of the commotion was the battle of five officers with a band of thieves who had been traced to their lair, a very respectable frame house owned by Mrs. Officer, and standing at the southwest corner of Tenth and Clay streets. In the melee Sheriff Bush was very severely wounded, a pistol ball passing through his right ankle which may cause the loss of his foot, and Deputy Sheriff Fred Wilder receiving a flesh wound in the hips which was not sufficiently serious to confine him to the house. The story of the battle is as follows:

For a long time there has been a band of thieves ravaging portions of Iowa and northern Illinois, their depredations being upon stock of all kinds. Their hauls were of a most gigantic nature—whole droves of hogs, herds of cattle and horses being stolen and disposed of. The press reports have teemed with accounts of their robberies, but the villains were wonderfully sharp, and for some time have eluded capture. Detective Shattuck took the matter in charge, and determined to locate the headquarters of the gang and capture them, if such a thing were possible. He knew that three of them were the notorious Cook brothers, Nick, Dick and John. Nick and Dick went under the names of William and Charles, respectively. Mr. Shattuck placed himself in communication with the county officers in Topeka, and finally went to that city on Nov. 21, registering under the name of Frank E. Smith.

With the assistance of the county officers he located his men in a plain frame house on the southwest corner of Clay and Tenth streets. He warned the authorities that the men were desperate, as they had once or twice before sent hot lead whizzing into the vicinity of the officers who attempted to capture them, and had broken jail once or twice. After consultations, numerous and earnest, Sheriff Bush set Monday night, November 27, as the time for trouble to begin and selected the following men to go with him: Deputy Marshal Fred Miller, Jailor Curtis, James Dustin and J. D. Orcutt.

The building is a two story frame with a means of exit on each of the four sides. On the Taylor street side it has a bay window and a little porch. The posse met on the northeast corner of Kansas avenue and Seventh street about 2 o'clock A. M. They proceeded to the scene of action, and went quietly about a square beyond the house and then returned. Orcutt was stationed at the west side of the house, Miller on the east, Curtis on the south, while Sheriff Bush and Mr. Dustin stepped quietly on the porch and rapped. The answer, in a shrill feminine voice, "What's wanted?" came so quickly that the officers were led to believe that the woman was on guard. Sheriff Bush answered, "I want to see Mr. Cook." The lamp, which had been burning dimly in the apartment, went out immediately and almost instantly.

The bandits opened a cross-fire from the bay window, and Sheriff Bush and Mr. Dustin retreated. One of the earliest shots struck Sheriff Bush in the ankle, inflicting a very severe wound. Deputy Miller, who was armed with a shot gun, came to the rescue and poured a volley into the bay window with this, covering the retreat of Bush and Dustin.

The engagement had become general by this time. The men at bay were prancing from window to window, pouring forth volley after volley from their revolvers, and answered every time by Curtis on this side and Dustin on that. At one time two of the men appeared at once at one of the windows and opened fire on Captain Curtis. He returned the compliment with interest and forced them to retire. Suddenly some one shouted "Here," and the men were observed emerging from an unguarded window.

They fled rapidly west on Tenth street, and as they ran one of the fellows groaned as though in pain, indicating that he was wounded. The officers, well and wounded, pursued, but were unable to overtake the fleeing robbers. They stole three horses from the pasture of J. D. Knox and rode them away. There being only women left in the dwelling it was taken by assault. There were four women found there, three of whom were arrested. The arrested ones are Lizzie and Joanna Cook, sisters of the robbers, and a Mrs. Jackson, who claims to have been merely boarding there. The youngest brother, a lad of fourteen named James, was also found in the house and arrested. Their grandmother, an old lady eighty-three years of age, was left in the house.

A reporter visited the young ladies in their cell in jail and was astonished by their refinement and lady-like manners. He says of them: "Joanna is a dark haired, brown eyed girl, rather above the medium size, and really very handsome. Lizzie is a smaller lady, with grey eyes and chestnut hair. Both are as refined and dignified in their actions and manners as it is possible for women to be. They were calm and collected in their bearing and showed no trace of having undergone any great mental suffering or excitement."

They refused to be interviewed. Lizzie has been a pupil at Washburn College for some time, and on the program of the literary entertainment given there on the evening of Nov. 23, she was to have read an essay on "Know Thyself." Prof. Stearns says the girls are educated and refined, and certainly their every act and word indicate that such is the case. Lizzie stood high in her studies and in deportment was perfect. Prof. Albert Mason, of the chair of voice culture, music and harmony, was at the residence Monday evening giving the girls some lessons. He says he knows no better appearing family than that made up of the venerable grandmother and the two girls.

Nicholas, Richard and John Cook, according to Detective Shattuck, belonged to a family in Schuyler

county, Illinois, known to Sheriff Harper of that county for twenty years as a very dangerous crowd. Nov. 24th, 1880, William and Charles, whose real names are Nicholas and Richard, broke jail in Schuyler county, and have since been stealing hogs, cattle and horses on a large scale, going under various aliases. They have broken jail even with handcuffs on. Since they left Schuyler county in 1880 nobody has been able to locate the family. It consists altogether of the old lady, three single sisters, one married sister, and four brothers. The married sister lives in Benton county, Iowa. Where the other unmarried sister is it is not known.

One of their sample exploits is the one for which Detective Shattuck has a requisition. At Waverly, Iowa, they went to a stockyard, drove out fifty-nine hogs, worth \$850, and putting them in a car shipped them to a Chicago packing house and left.

Last summer, at Chester, Iowa, officers cornered one of the boys, charged with another hog stealing exploit. The desperate man opened fire, and in the fight got by the officers, cut loose a horse tied near by and escaped. The horse had the epizootic, and was by no means the proper charger for a fleeing robber. Consequently he broke down after a few miles and Mr. Cook was again on foot. After a walk of a few rods he espied a farmer leading his team out of the barnyard gate, to hook them to the wagon. Cook rushed up and presenting a revolver at the affrighted granger's head commanded him to cut loose one of the horses. The farmer was paralyzed, but the wife of the farmer had slipped up, and she laid out the thief with a club. The old gentleman came to his senses and the pair bound Mr. Cook and kept him until the pursuing officers came up, which was not many minutes.

Detective Shattuck said the younger of the girls was remarkably cunning. He did not go into details, but added that she went to Iowa with \$1,000 to go on her brother's bond. The Cooks' house was searched for stolen property but none was found. Large rewards are offered for the capture of these men, and many detectives are scouring the country in search of the brothers, though with little hope of success.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

She Punishes a New Lover Who Robs Her and Who Trifles With Her Affections.

At Chicago, Ill., on November 28, Constance T. Metzger, the divorced wife of a man named Hewitt, of Tucson, Arizona, appeared in the Criminal Court, as prosecutrix of Wm. H. Chase, who was charged with larceny. She started, she said, in giving her testimony, from Oakland, Cal., in January last, to go to Tucson, Arizona, to see her former husband about some property. On the cars she met Chase, who struck up an acquaintance, and proved so agreeable that by the end of the day she was quite impressed with him. The acquaintance was continued until Tucson was approached, when Chase proposed to take her with him to the East instead of severing a companionship which had grown so delightful. She wanted some definite statement as to what he would do for her in case she consented, and at her dictation he drew up a contract which defined his duties, and declared what she would do in return. She remained one day at Tucson and then came on with him to Kansas City, where he failed to find a minister to marry them.

He suggested that the ceremony could as well be performed in Chicago and she agreed, arriving there one Sunday in January last. They went to the Tremont House and registered as W. B. Hunt and wife, again postponing the marriage on account of the difficulty of getting a license on Sunday. She had carried with her during the whole trip a satchel containing about \$800 worth of jewelry, and at his suggestion sent it to the clerk of the hotel for safe-keeping. In the morning he borrowed from her about \$143, and with the check for the satchel left the room, saying he would be back in an hour. He failed to return, and by evening a suspicion of the real state of affairs dawned upon her.

She visited the police, but the man had made his escape, and without money enough to pay her hotel bill, she had to sleep at the police station. The next day she obtained work, and kept up the search for Chase during eight months, when she was rewarded by hearing that he was in Kansas. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary to the delight of the woman who smiled maliciously on him as he got his punishment.

CUPID GETS THE BULGE.

A College Boy of Wealthy Parents Elopes With a Dressmaker's Daughter.

A romantic affair is reported from the village of Gambier, O., the seat of Kenyon College. The usually quiet village, according to report is all torn up over the elopement of Roxie Cole, the son of a wealthy Pittsburger, and a member of the junior class of the college, with Miss Emma Webb, the 17-year old daughter of the village dress-maker. The young lady is described as being bewitchingly beautiful, with a face and form divine, and it is said she had turned the heads of nearly all the students on the hill. While the admiration of young Cole was well known for his beautiful sweetheart, none but his nearest friends knew or dreamed of the intended elopement. On Friday, Dec. 1, the young lady went to Mt. Vernon, O., via the C. & C. railroad and took a private hack to the B. & O. depot, expecting to be joined by her lover and take the 3 P. M. train for the west. Young Cole drove in from Gambier, but arrived at the depot five minutes too late for the train, but the couple were secreted by friends until the arrival of the next train, at eight o'clock.

They went as far as Tiffin, O., that night, when they were married and took the morning train for Toledo, where a sister of the bride resides. The only thing known of the whereabouts of the runaways is a telegram received from young Cole at Chicago, ordering his trunks to be forwarded to that city by express. C. L. Cole, the father of the young man, visited Gambier and Mt. Vernon, and learning the whereabouts of the couple, left for Chicago in hunt of the runaways.

ENGLAND'S BOUQUET OF BEAUTIES.

[With Portraits.]

We give in this issue the portraits of the famed beauties of England, including Langtry and the titled ladies who contest the palm of loveliness with her. The portraits are perfect and are executed in the best style for which the POLICE GAZETTE is famed, so we shall leave the public to decide for itself where should be awarded the palm among this bewildering array.

STAGE OSCULATION.

The Strong Suction Methods of the Legitimate Stage Objected to by an Actress.

The advance of realism in dramatic art has been equally rapid in all the points of by-play and stage business on the mimic scene. In the kissing department of the art, however, it seems to have progressed several degrees beyond the movement of the entire line. It is the custom of the thrilling emotional actor to rehearse the kiss with his leading support most carefully, since often it is the osculatory point on which depends the very climax of his effects.

It was George Rignold, the English actor, who introduced the full suction, or Henry the Fifth, kiss, to an American audience and got away with it. It was a daring thing to do but he did it and the actress who endured it, being a French woman, rather liked 't. Then all the actors took it up and the kiss became very popular and flourished. There was only one contempera. Tom Keene played with a rich society lady amateur in Cleveland in "Catherine and Petruchio" and when he attempted the Henry the Fifth kiss drew her false teeth clean out of place and broke the beautiful star's countenance all up.

This gave a setback to this realistic style of osculation for some time, but it has again broken out and there are more complaints about it, this time from actresses who do not wear false teeth. The last trouble about the kiss is reported from St. Louis by a correspondent who took the trouble to inform himself on all the details. He says:

Mrs. Melville, an actress known on the stage as Miss Carlyon, has just separated from a traveling company and joined one of the theatres in this city. The reason she gives is that she did not like the play which the company was acting, but gossip states that both she and her husband objected to the manner in which the leading man, one of the most successful stars, kissed her. Miss Carlyon admits that she did not enjoy the way that she was kissed and called the operation the Henry the Fifth kiss. She said to the reporter:

"It's the kiss that Rignold uses in 'Henry V.' As he does it it is not so bad, but everyone is not the actor that Rignold is and the consequence is that every time the kiss is used the whole house titters and there is a suggestion of indecency about it that is very annoying. Now don't imagine that I am a prude, for I am not. I delight in love scenes on the stage but there is art and there is awkwardness. What we call the Henry V. kiss in England is this: The gentleman comes behind where the lady is standing and puts both his hands over her shoulders on her cheeks so that the fingers of both meet just below her chin. Then he pulls her head back to his shoulder and kisses her fairly on the lips, keeping his mouth to hers for fully two minutes. After he kissed me that way once I always afterward moved my mouth so that he kissed me on the chin and not on the lips, but it was unpleasant in the extreme. It is stage etiquette that no gentleman should kiss a lady on the lips. My husband never spoke about it and it would be absurd to ask him to kiss my ear or to kiss me behind the ear. Of course I wouldn't mind about the kiss if it didn't put me in such an absurd light. The idea of wanting to be kissed on the ear is positively dreadful. I don't know how people can imagine such things."

If actresses are going to kick against the pneumatic forces of the star kissing we shall not be surprised if John McCullough's support should suddenly refuse to object to vigorous kisses because they convey indelicate suggestions to the audience they may detect that there are certain acts of theirs and the star's on the stage that carry even broader suggestions.

THE FAITH CURE.

A Pittsburg Parson Attempts It On a Young Wife and His Motives are Misunderstood.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The faith cure racket has got a firm hold on religious people all over the country, and the madness is spreading very rapidly. It will soon become a popular remedy and the physician and his nasty drugs will take a back seat, or will be replaced altogether by the dapper doctor of divinity, who will cure stomach ache or heart ache or chills, with the one prescription of prayer. Really, these persons are never satisfied. They want everything. After they have absorbed the medical profession and made the druggist a thing of the past, what profession or trade will they absorb next? That is if they don't over-reach themselves and spoil their present racket in its infancy.

A young parson of Pittsburg has come very near doing it. He has been all the summer gaining the reputation of a faith doctor at the camp meetings, and he is credited with numerous cures. Being young and good-looking most of his patients have, very naturally, been young ladies. He was caught in a pretty plight on Nov. 23. A wealthy gentleman named Arthur B. Ryan has a young second wife who is about equal in age and beauty to his daughter—twenty years or thereabout.

On the night in question, Mr. Ryan happening to go into the parlor, found the gas turned down very low. He turned up very suddenly and saw to his horror in one corner of the room, the young parson with one arm around the stepmother and the other around the daughter. They all three agreed that the parson was trying the efficacy of the faith cure on Mrs. Ryan's headache, but Ryan hadn't faith enough to swallow that yarn. On the contrary he was heathen enough to kick the parson out of doors; and we other heathens say he did just right.

HENRY RICH, THE MISSING MERCHANT.

[With Portrait.]

The police are looking for Henry Rich of the firm of Rich & Cutter, dealers in trimmings, at 403 Broadway, New York, who has disappeared mysteriously. With his wife he left his home, at 232 East Fifty-third street, on Monday evening, December 4, after supper, and made a call on a married daughter, Mrs. G. W. Gallinger, who lives at 251 East Sixty-first street. Mr. and Mrs. Rich left Mr. Gallinger's house about 10:15 o'clock, and at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Second avenue met another daughter, Mrs. Isaac Mooney, who was coming from her residence, 406 East Fifty-seventh street. Mr. Rich said that he guessed he would go and see the father-in-law and mother-in-law of Mrs. Mooney, who were sick. His wife returned home and he went to 406 East Fifty-seventh street. He left there about 11 o'clock. Mr. J. Kahn of 91 Avenue B, offered to accompany him home, but Mr. Rich said there was no need.

Mr. Rich has not been seen since that time. Two hours after he left Mrs. Mooney's house his family alarmed the precinct police. Their search resulted in nothing. He is described as a man of correct habits. He carried very little money about with him, and wore no jewelry. At the time of his disappearance he wore a dark sack coat, a double-breasted waistcoat, trousers to match his coat, low-cut shoes, and gray socks and under-clothing. He is about 5½ feet tall, has a full beard, is bald, and has an aquiline nose and deep set eyes. He is 53 years old, and has four married and two unmarried daughters. He was subject to depressing headaches, and his brother-in-law, William Newman, thinks that he has only wandered away and that he will return. His son-in-law, Mr. Mooney, fears that he has met with foul play.

A BURGLAR'S BANQUET.

He is Entertained and Feasted by the Firm He Robbed and Restores the Goods.

ASTOUNDING things are happening nowadays and here are the details of one of the most astounding: The store of Messrs. Cotrell & Leonard, furriers and hatters at 36 State street, Albany, N. Y., was entered on the 24th of last October by thieves, who packed up sealskin dolmans to the amount of \$1,500 and escaped with the stolen property without leaving the least clue by which they could be traced. In spite of the large reward which was immediately offered all efforts to trace the burglars failed.

About two weeks since the firm began to receive anonymous communications which stated that the thieves could not agree as to the division of the spoil and that it was possible to recover the goods. At a late hour on Friday evening, Dec. 1, Mr. Cotrell received at his private residence a telegram stating that if he would visit Brooklyn on Saturday to meet a man in that city the same evening the goods taken from the store would be surrendered.

Mr. Cotrell's partner, Mr. Leonard, being away at the time it was impossible for him to respond, but he telegraphed that if the person would visit Albany on Saturday evening, bringing the goods with him, Mr. Cotrell would meet him at the depot with a carriage, conduct him to his residence, treat him in every respect like a gentleman and when the business was through conduct him to the midnight train.

Mr. Cotrell having received a message on Saturday afternoon from the unknown correspondent, attended the depot with a carriage when the train from New York arrived. The stranger arrived, carrying a heavy parcel, which Mr. H. Hailey, brother-in-law to Mr. Cotrell, and the other conveyed to the carriage and all three then proceeded to Mr. Cotrell's mansion at No. 172 State street.

A large company was assembled to receive them, although the expected guest was somewhat astonished at such a public reception. He did not for a moment lose his self possession or betray the slightest uneasiness. The ladies were well represented in the family circle. After the introduction of the visitor the parcel was opened and the stolen goods were found intact and in perfect condition.

Mr. Cotrell then invited his guest into the dining room where all sat down to a most elegant supper, served in recherche style. The stranger, during the repast, related with great good nature the particulars of the robbery and gave an eloquent account of the precautions taken to avoid arrest. He expressed himself as being most anxious to become a respectable member of society and then with a profusion of thanks for the hospitality he had received, took his leave for the station, accompanied by Mr. Cotrell—the midnight train was reached in ample time and the great unknown departed; in peace, taking with him one third of the reward offered by Cotrell. Mr. Cotrell says the firm are as anxious as ever to have the thieves brought to justice and that the reward for their capture and conviction still holds good.

POPPING AT THE ELEVATED.

How a Certain Backless Party of Fast Young Men and Women Added to the Dangers of Travel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The luxuries of metropolitan life are many and novel, but we think the flag has been taken off the bush completely by late developments of the methods of enjoyment that have become popular among a certain class of reckless young bloods and the equally reckless young women who are following them in running through their fortunes. These creatures have been in the habit, when full of wine after the little suppers given in a certain famous hotel, of getting up shooting matches, the mark being the elevated trains as they fly by the second-story windows of the hotel. This practice became so common a few weeks ago that the entire detective force was set to work to ferret out the marksmen. One of these companies of female sharpshooters was caught by the officers, but the male friends of the women proved to be related to some high officials and they were let off with a reprimand, and the mystery of the shooting at the trains has never been revealed to the public until now, when the POLICE GAZETTE takes the liberty on itself in its usual bold form of description and illustration.

WINDY CHARLEY'S PROCESSION.

A Chicago Regiment Turns Out to Give a Mock Parade to a Band of Strolling Players.

The biggest guy yet was that played on Windy Charley Wyndham in Chicago. When he arrived there with his company on Dec. 3 he was received by a military escort, consisting of the second regiment, commanded by Col. Thompson. And what excuse did they make for this gaudy parade? Why it was gotten up because Windy Charley had served in the confederate army during the war. And then the procession paraded through the streets in the circus style. First came the regiment with its brass band; then a choice collection of theatrical fossils and snides, among which were Dick Hooley, Jim McVicker, Jack Haverly, Brooks & Dickson (Wyndham's managers) and Jimmy of the Kiss, who had gotten up the show. Bringing up the rear in carriages comes Windy Charley and his company of bum English actors. It was a tough old parade altogether but Wyndham has our sympathy. For this, we think, was carrying the joke on him altogether too far.

All Chicago has been laughing at him ever since, for which he can thank Jimmy of the Kiss, who is such a blasted fool and filled so chock full of conceit that he doesn't know when he is gayed.



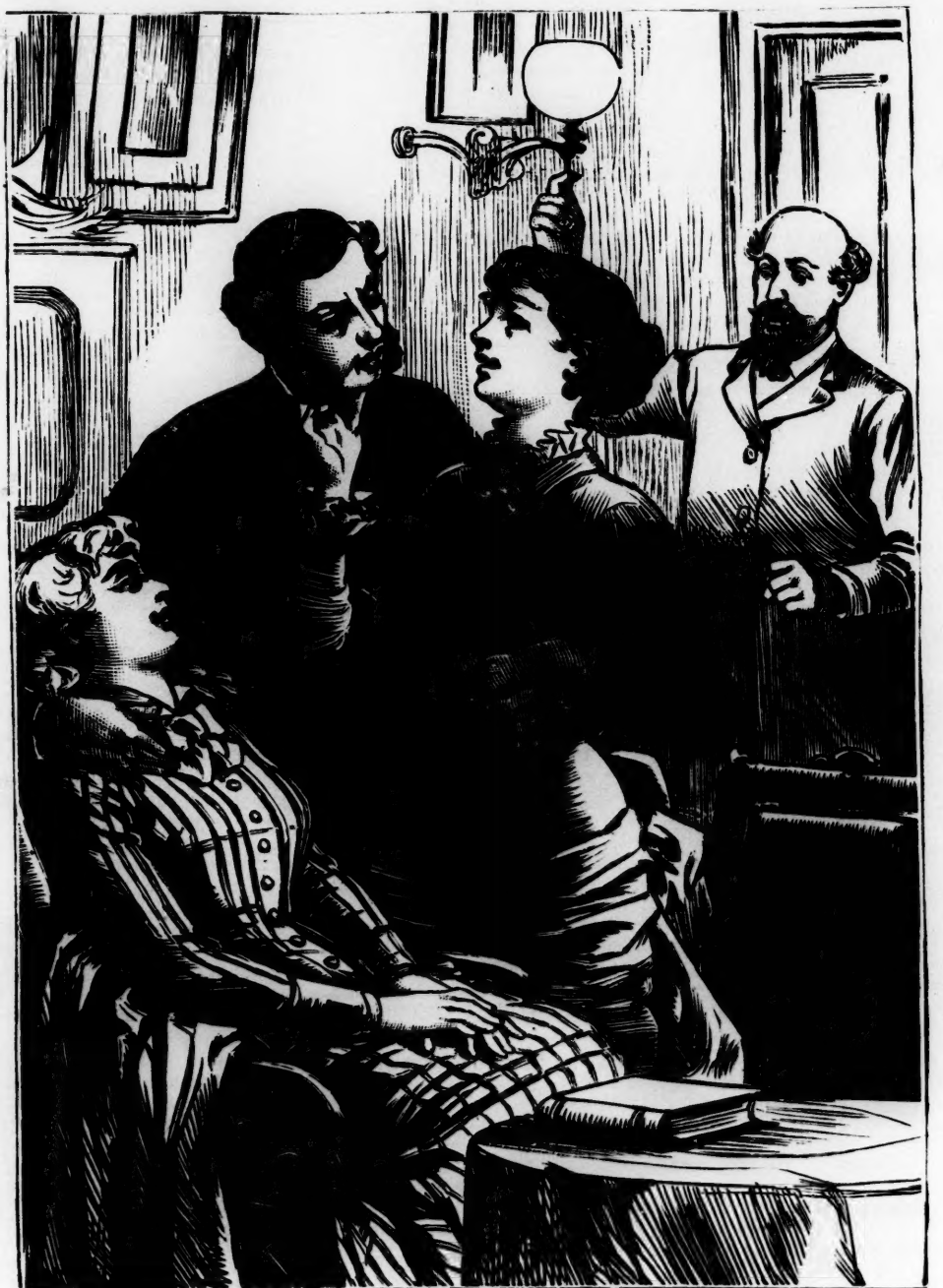
SHOOTING AT THE ELEVATED.

A PARTY OF NEW YORK GIRLS ENJOY A LITTLE AFTER-DINNER PISTOL PRACTICE AT THE TRAINS THAT RUSH BY THE WINDOWS OF THEIR HOTEL.



A JEALOUS NEGRO'S AWFUL CRIME.

SAVAGE MURDER OF A WOMAN FOUND IN BED WITH HIS WIFE AT ONE 321, TENN., AND WHOM HE MISTAKES IN THE DARK FOR A MAN.



THE FAITH CURE.

A PITTSBURG PARSON TRIES IT ON A YOUNG WIFE AND HER STEP-DAUGHTER, AND BEING CAUGHT BY THE HUSBAND OF LITTLE FAITH FIGURES IN A BIG SCANDAL.



THEIR FACES ARE THEIR FORTUNES.

THE MORE OR LESS SWELL BEAUTIES WHO RENDER THINGS LIVELY FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES' SET AND WHO MAKE A BUSINESS OF BEING PRETTY, THAT PAYS NINETY-NINE CENTS ON THE DOLLAR EVERY TIME.

LANGTRY CUTS LOOSE.

The Jersey Lily and the Old Time Beaux of Gotham.

The Beauty Attends Several Bachelor Dinners and Her Mentor Breaks With Her for Good.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The advisers of Mrs. Langtry have engineered her very well in this country from the start. It was their object to keep her high strung—away up above concert pitch of tony airiness. Respectability, nobility, dignified affability were the charms that were to be relied on to carry the beauty through a dramatic season, making amends for the lack of ability. The cunning adviser of all this was Henrietta Hodson, the ex-actress, now known as Mrs. Labouchere. She had been "through the mill" and understood the temptations of the boards and the methods by which the public could be fooled in the easiest and most enormously profitable manner.

She it was who taught Mrs. Langtry to act, instructed her in the mysteries of the art in every detail, conducted her rehearsals for her, managed her business contracts and held the rein over her in her intercourse with the public. And it was soon found necessary to hold a pretty tight rein over the Lily, who showed signs very early of becoming light headed at the adulation of a lot of young bloods and a swarm of ancient beaux who have been in the habit of "running" the European stars to the queen's taste for two decades back—ever since the first "Black Crook" days. Mrs. Labouchere was wise enough to see that the greatest professional advantages would accrue to the new star, the Prince's darling, if she could only rein her in until she gained social recognition in the most exclusive circles of New York society.

But this was a long time coming. Society had its doubts and was very cautiously feeling its way before making any decisive advances. Meantime the new bloods, the eruptions of the old Tweed ring days, Pimples Goal and his friends, Cancer, Bails and Abscess, a class that aspires to do the naughty in the dramatic line with a modern Puritan flavor, were boiling around the footstool of the Lily and imploring her to accept an invitation to preside over an inaugural banquet of the pus cavity behind the private box in the Eighth Avenue Palace of Pimples. She was tempted and showed her irresolution so plainly that Pimples, Bails, Cancer and Abscess felt assured they would have the pleasure of entertaining her at a breaking-in orgie in their boudoir behind the scenes and they spread the rumor as a fact among all the small postulates of their set.

Mrs. Labouchere, however, sat upon this project very decisively and after several excited scenes with the Lily squelched the idea altogether. The young branch of the naughty, sniffing pups of the stage doors and side scenes having been thus stood off and humiliated, the veteran brigade, the old time mashers of the "Black Crook" days, resumed their armor and came nobly to the front to maintain the siege on the fortress of virtue. In this gallant force there were chivalrous Bayards and knights of the calibre of Wright Sanford and Larry Jerome and, in fact, all the old set who used to make the alpaca mothers tremble in the old days of Niblo's and the Grand Opera House, and against whom none of the bold British blondes could combat in the palmy days of ballet and blondes. These tried, scarred and victorious champions were not to be stood off like the youngsters and they gallantly took the field to show Pimples how it was done.

And they did. Langtry took to them kindly, as all her sister artists who preceded her had done. She couldn't see anything wrong in the old gentlemen, Larry and Wright, for instance. Why, she couldn't believe even on a stack of affidavits that butter would melt in their mouths. So you see Larry and Wright were at the outset artfully getting in their fine work on the same old lay that had served them so well in their good old times. Mrs. Labouchere understood the game and appreciated the impending danger. She begged and commanded the Lily to beware of this plausible crowd of smirking cripples.

But Langtry was infatuated and defended them. At last the climax came. A bachelor dinner was gotten up for the beauty at which she was to be the only lady guest.

"It would be real jolly, you know," she remarked to Mrs. Labouchere, who of course was included in the invitation. The mentor of the Lily, however, firmly declined and commanded her protegee to do likewise out of professional and social policy. Langtry then took the bit in her teeth, threw off all reserve and boldly accepted the invitation.

There was a terrible row between the two ladies but Langtry went. Mrs. Labouchere accompanied her to the banquet in the hope that she could induce the spoiled beauty to return home after merely visiting the assemblage of men and holding a brief informal reception. This would not do, though. Being persuaded Langtry remained and Mrs. Labouchere, after a sharp interchange of words with her, there and then returned to her hotel.

The next morning, Nov. 22, there was a lively row between the two and Mrs. Labouchere formally cast off the Lily. That night after the performance there was another bachelor supper and the Lily had another good time. The old boys had won the day and wore the biggest sort of a feather in their caps, while Pimples and the young eruptions who constitute the modern mob of would be naughty men, hung their heads in very shame that the bait, the blind, the eczema, the rheumatic and the played-out of the old, old times had come to the front and demonstrated the feasibility of what they had declared impossible.

When Mrs. Langtry left New York for Boston she was accompanied or followed by the revived old gang of the men about town and their racket will probably be continued in the Hub, where the doors of social favor have been promptly shut in the Lily's face. Mrs. Labouchere, having renounced the beauty and written all her gossips on to the Prince, has gone on a brief tour of the south before returning to England.

We suppose Wales will feel awful bad over this news but it's only what he might have expected. If we were a British prince and we were the patron of a Lily would we allow her to cross the sea to encounter such cusses as the old timers, Jerome and Sanford

and their mob? Well, we guess not. We'd rather go down into our princely boudoir first and put up for her instead of trying to get the Yankees to do it. You just bet!

A CLEVER ARREST.

A New York Criminal Captured in Denver After a Chase of Three Years.

About three years ago a young woman named Amelia Harris was outraged by two men near Morrisania, New York, and after a few days of great suffering died. The occurrence created a profound sensation at the time and was widely published in the newspapers. Before Miss Harris' death she gave quite an accurate description of the men who assaulted her, but for a long time the detectives were completely baffled. Finally a seaman named Morgan, while intoxicated, gave himself away and squealed on his pal, one Michael Reese. The latter however had disappeared and left no trace. Morgan was tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term. He is now in Sing Sing. Ever since that time detectives have been on Reese's track, who always managed to elude them until Nov. 22.

About five o'clock, as detective Marshall from New York was walking up Seventeenth street in Denver, Colo., he saw a man ahead of him walking in the same direction, whose appearance attracted his attention and reminded him of Reese. After a little further scrutiny he became convinced that it was he and immediately walked up to him and said:

"Reese, I want you."

The man started violently but made no effort to escape. Marshall ordered the man to roll up the sleeve of his coat, which he did, revealing marks of India ink which at once proved his identity as the long looked for Michael Reese. The detective and his prisoner left for New York at half-past ten that night, Reese having expressed his willingness to go without a requisition.

"LOVE'S LAST SHIFT."

A Very Suggestive and Wicked Vagary of New York Fashion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is strange what lengths love will carry the modern "spoon" to. This is instanced in the Langtry rage. The spoon youths who have been mashed, have carried the rage for mementoes of her to an extent that is surprising and even verges very closely on the ridiculous. Among the latest fancies is that of an artful laundress of New York, who fished a night robe from the beauty's wash and delivered it over to a tradesman, who offers it for sale at a fancy price, hoping that it will catch the fancy of some young blood who may have money enough to pay for and may be "mashed" sufficiently to appreciate it. It is now the fashion for the young bachelors of the fast class in New York to frame certain articles of the underwear of beautiful ladies of their acquaintance, and hang them up as adornments on the walls of their apartments, with gilt labels on their frames describing the wearer. This has given an impetus to the trade in ladies' garments and bogus articles of dress alleged to have belonged to actresses, will probably soon become plentiful in the market.

"WISE MEN" SWINDLED.

A Negro Secret Order Swindled by Dandy Brethren of the North.

The most popular negro lodge organization is called the "Order of Wise Men," which has lodges in almost every city in the Union. The designs of the order are charitable and on the death of a member every lodge in the country is taxed to give a sum of money to the widow and children of the deceased. The cunning educated coons of the north have, however, it seems, been playing roosts on their ignorant brethren of the south and scooping in a big sum in benefits on various false pretences.

This crookedness is being inquired into by a secret meeting now in progress in Dallas, Texas, which is attended by delegates from every lodge in the country. The family of one New York darkey got \$2,000 to bury him and it is now said he isn't dead at all. It is said that certain dandy metropolitan makes have made bogus assessments on lodges throughout the country to the total amount of \$100,000, which accounts for much of the magnificence of certain colored society leaders of late.

THE TASTE OF COLORADO.

How the "Police Gazette" is Making Its Artistic Mark all Around the Circle.

The POLICE GAZETTE has not only the commendation of the sensible people of the east, west and south for its journalistic taste, dash and tact, but its artistic qualities are winning commendation everywhere and shaming its pretentious rivals of the illustrated press generally. The Denver Tribune sings into line with our admirers with the following just notice, printed on Nov. 23, as the opinion of that paper, which has much to do with the guiding of public opinion in Colorado:

"The pictures of Christine Nilsson which are floating about are beastly caricatures. Nilsson is a very pretty woman, but you would never suspect it by a glance at the libelous newspaper illustrations. The current number of the POLICE GAZETTE has the best portrait of the Swedish prima donna yet published. In fact, Richard K. Fox is entitled to the credit of giving to the public the best portraits of all famous people which find their way into the public prints."

TWO YOUNG FIENDS.

A Couple of Boys Brutally Abuse and Torture a Younger Playmate.

On Nov. 22 two fiendish small boys of Leominster, Mass., James Carney and Arthur Dugan, aged 11 and 12 years, according to their own confession deliberately plotted to torture their seven year old playmate, Howard Fuller. They armed themselves with a rawhide whip and entered him into the woods. He was stripped of his pantaloons, shoes and stockings and was compelled to stand in this semi-nude condition on the snow, backed up against a tree, while his tormentors took turns in applying the rawhide. When tired of that they punched him until he sank exhausted on the ground. They finished their brutal work by kicking their victim on the head, face and body and then they dressed him and told him to go home. The poor boy could barely walk from exhaustion. Blood flowed from his nose and mouth and his legs were cut and bleeding. The young fiends were arrested.

A BOGUS WATER QUEEN.

How a New York Heiress Made an Unfavored Lover Weaken in His Suit.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is one young chap up town who has been badly let lately. His name is Charley Gratz and he has been keeping company for some time with a young woman who is supposed to be an heiress. For a year or so she has been laboring under the severest form of the stage-struck madness. She has spent much money in her attempts to perfect herself for the stage, and to get on the legitimate stage. Her spoony lover has encouraged this, being rather flattered and otherwise by the thought that his intended was likely to become a great tragedienne.

But as time passed on she got no opportunity to air her talents before the public and her lover began to importune her to name the day for their wedding. She saw with horror uprising before her the prospect of settling down as the wife of a ninny and all hope of artistic fame vanishing before the clouds of domestic cares. The matrimonial snarl jacket therefore became her terror, since it afforded insufficient latitude for the movement of her artistic life.

At this juncture she fell in with a dandy actor who, interested in her boodle, gave her the straight tip and instructed her as to the proper caper to get on the stage. His first advice was to "fire" Gratz, the lover, since as an appendage to an actress he was simply equivalent to a ball and chain. Free of him she might woo the favor of the managers by artfully going to the most dangerous extremes necessary to attain her artistic end.

The actor promised her his assistance, too, in case Gratz was suppressed for good. But how could she break off the match? The actor came to the front again with an ingenious device. Her lover belonged to a very tony family. They might endure a Mary Anderson style of actress in their family but for an actress in close relationship they surely would not tolerate a variety take.

It was agreed that the embryo star should make young Gratz sick of his bargain, and she did. He noticed a gradual change in her manner. She took occasion to declare to him confidentially that she was discouraged in her attempts to make a star of herself at the start but was still determined to get on the stage if she had to get on by beginning at the very bottom of the ladder in the variety business. He tried to dissuade her in vain. She was determined. She engaged a nigger minstrel to teach her jigs in the parlor when her lover visited her, but still he hung on. At last, though, she caught him and he soured. She set up a glass tank in her room and began practicing for a water queen. He couldn't stand that; he soured and broke the engagement. This was only a fortnight since and now she has an engagement to support a prominent star actor opening in a legitimate part in Philadelphia in January.

Gratz sees the trick now and is the subject of such limitless geyting that he contemplates a trip to Europe to escape it.

A STAGE STRUCK BRIDE.

A Louisville Girl After Five Days of Honeymoon, Elopes to Become an Artist.

[With Portrait.]

On Nov. 7 a young woman, aged 18, Mrs. Etta Samples, eloped from her husband in Louisville, Ky., after she had been married only five days. Alexander Samples, the husband, is a lumber merchant of Jeffersonville, Ind. It was thought that she had the stage fever and had gone east to make a Mary Anderson of herself. The deserted bridegroom who is aged 63, and shows it very plainly, offered a hundred dollars reward for the discovery of the whereabouts of the truant bride and sent detectives over the land far and near. The sublime cheek of the young wife was instanced, however, in a week or two and gave him a clue to her whereabouts.

On Nov. 22 he received a letter from her, postmarked Memphis, Tenn., asking him to send her money to defray the expenses of her dramatic education, which she claimed to be getting in that city. The money was to be sent to Mrs. Schafer, No. 109 Adams street. Of course on receiving the letter he went to Memphis as soon as possible to find her. Two detectives who called at 109 Adams street, learned that Mrs. Schafer had removed with her "husband" to No. 69 on the same street. There she was found, and it turned out that her alleged lord and master was T. T. Schafer, a young man, also a late arrival, who worked as a moulder at the Livermore Iron Works. He was arrested and taken to the station house, and his companion in guilt to the chief's office, where her husband awaited her. She seemed not the least put out by the encounter, but bowed to him with easy grace, and sank into a chair, sitting on one foot as is the custom of feminine youth.

"You know me, I s'pose," remarked the husband.

"Of course I do," was the answer.

"Ain't I your legal lawful husband?"

"Well, now, you ought to know without asking me," she replied, with a gesture of impatience.

"Will you go back and live with me again?" he asked.

"I haven't had time to think about that yet," was the cool response. Then the chief interviewed her, and to him she told the real cause of the elopement.

She loved Schafer, who had been courting her for years, but was compelled by her mother to marry Samples because he was rich. The marriage took place on the 2d of November, and Mr. Samples took his bride to Cincinnati for a few days of honeymoon. They returned to Louisville on the 7th, and he went over to Jeffersonville on business, after extracting from her a promise to follow him later in the day. Instead of doing so she met Schafer by agreement near her home, and they eloped, going first to Paducah, where they registered as S. Wilson and sister, and stayed a day or two. Thence they went to Memphis.

"I graduated at Louisville last year," she added: "and the papers gave me awfully nice notices."

Schafer was brought in and took part in the conversation, which had become general, seemingly as unconcerned about the subject of it as his fair companion.

"If I could only think," said the husband, "that she is as pure as when she left my arms."

"Pledge you my word she is," said Schafer; but say—you ought to give me \$25 to go to Chicago on. I can't stand it to stay here and have the boys geyting me about this thing."

The husband was struck dumb for the moment at the unparalleled impudence of his wife's lover. He said nothing to him, but remarked later to Chief Davis, "Don't you think that's the biggest piece of

cheek you ever saw?" Schafer didn't get the twenty-five.

After a further conversation between the truant wife and her husband it was finally settled that she should go home with him and try to redeem her error. They left for Louisville that night. The chances are that the public will never see her as Evadne or Juliet.

A MELODRAMATIC SUICIDE.

A Sentimental Chap Gets Up a Gashy Tableau to End a Merry Party.

T. A. Cox, a young man employed as book keeper by Mr. D. Smith, a merchant of Buckatunna, Miss., attended a party in the neighborhood on Nov. 20, and danced with the young ladies until midnight. He remarked once or twice to his partners in the dance that he would die that night after the dancing was concluded.

About one o'clock, when the participants in the entertainment were getting ready to go home, young Cox called their attention to the way he had arranged the chairs around the room, and how he had placed one chair in the center and covered it with a shawl. He requested the ladies to be seated. One of the ladies took the centre seat, but he asked her to seat herself elsewhere, as that particular chair was reserved for himself. After all had taken their places he seated himself in the centre, and, placing his hand in the bosom of his coat, remarked that he would certainly die before day, and desired the present witnesses to stay with him until the end was reached. He said he had been raised well by his mother who had sent him to Sunday-school and tried to make a good Christian of him, but, in spite of her care, he had strayed from the paths of duty, and could never face his mother again. He then drew a pistol from an inside pocket, and saying, "This never fails," placed the muzzle against his ear and fired. The spectators were taken so entirely by surprise that they could make no movement to prevent the rash act, and it was not until his hand dropped into his lap and the pistol fell to the floor that they fully realized the horrible deed which had been committed. When the gentlemen rushed to the centre of the room they found the young man dead. Cox posted his books the day before and made a full and correct account to his employer.

LAW POINTS IN KANSAS.

An Attorney Skips With a Document and the Other Side Hunts Him With a Pistol.

They have lively legal practice in Kansas, judging from the following sent us by a correspondent at Atchison under date of Nov. 23: Last week Harmon Brothers, commission merchants at Auburn, Neb., failed. A. B. Symms & Co., of Atchison, the principal creditors, were given a bill of sale of the stock. Their representative who received the bill of sale left it with the hotel keeper, and an Auburn lawyer representing some of the other creditors asked the hotel man to let him see it. When it was shown him he snatched it and ran off. The hotel keeper pursued him with a pistol, and pursuing him to his office, the door of which the unscrupulous attorney barred and locked, he went on guard, remaining there several hours. Occasionally he would climb up to the transom, hoping to get a shot, but the lawyer would dart into the next room and thus preserve his life. People saw that the hotel man intended to have the document or blood, and the lawyer was prevailed upon to give it up. J. T. Allensworth went to Auburn representing Symms & Co., and found his clients in peaceable possession of the stock.

THE LAST BEAR STORY.

A Yarn That a Nomad Band of Italians Feed Their Dead Babies to the Trained Brutes.

A small colony of Italians had been camping and begging near Wellsburg, N. Y., a few miles from the Pennsylvania line. They observed gypsy-like habits, the company being composed of about an equal number of women, babies and trained black bears. They departed on Thursday, November 23, in their rude dog-carts, passing through Elmira. The police drove them out of town quickly. Now, a statement is made by a citizen of Wellsburg, who observed their habits, that an infant of one of the Italians died in camp, and was, in lieu of burial, fed to the bears. There is good evidence to believe that the inhuman parents stood by and saw the beasts devour their child. The bears were certainly very hungry, and the country people are willing to believe any wild story about them. The disposition of the baby's corpse will have to be explained however, the authorities having sent officers in pursuit of the wandering Italians, under the pressure of public opinion.

A MYSTIC LOVE TRAGEDY.

A Pretty School Teacher and Her Beau Murdered While Riding Home Together.

At 5 p. m. on Nov. 20 the inhabitants of the quiet village of North Newport were startled by hearing three pistol shots in rapid succession. There was a scream and a rush of wheels and a frightened horse attached to a carriage dashed headlong into the dooryard of Mr. Dodge's residence. A young man sprang from the vehicle and fell dead at the feet of Mr. Dodge. He had a bullet hole in his right temple.

In the carriage was found the dead body of a beautiful young woman. On investigation it was discovered that the dead were Charles Crowell and Miss Nellie Prilay, both of North Newport. Young Crowell had called in the afternoon at the schoolhouse in St. Albans where Miss Prilay was teaching to take her home in North Newport to spend Thanksgiving. The affair is a mystery but jealousy in love is supposed to be behind the ghastly affair.

A JEALOUS NEGRO'S CRIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A negro named Henry Cannon, of Chelsea, Tenn., who has been separated from his wife for some months owing to jealousy, knocked at the door of her cabin late on the night of Dec. 1. He called to her, asking who was in there with her. She replied that it was only a friend of hers named Matilda Foster. He did not believe her but thought there was a man in the house with his wife, so he kicked down the door and rushed in.

He sprang upon the bed and plunged a butcher's knife repeatedly into the muffled body of the sleeper lying beside his wife and then made his escape. He was captured the next day and locked up. The victim was Matilda Foster and one of the stabs of the long, slender butcher knife would have proved fatal.

THE PRIZE RING.

Some Big Affairs for the American Pugilistic Championship.

A Review of Tom Allen's Antagonists and His Great Battles with Them in This Country.

Before going into details of the fight between Tom Allen and Mike McCoolie let us give a brief sketch of the latter.

McCoolie was born in Ireland, March 12, 1837. At an early age he came to this country and followed the occupation of boatman on the Mississippi. He gradually developed into a fine specimen of muscular humanity and gained quite a reputation as a rough-and-tumble fighter. He stood 6ft. 1/2 in. in height and weighed 215 lbs. untrained. In 1857 he decided to enter the prize ring and his first match was with Billy Nary in April, 1858. The fight came off in Louisville, Ky. Nary stood 6ft. 11 in. in height and weighed 210 lbs. The fight was won by McCoolie in eight rounds lasting 17 minutes.

McCoolie created quite a sensation by his style of fighting, although he lacked science. His friends then matched him to fight Bill Blake, alias Dublin Tricks, of St. Louis, for \$400. The fight was decided at Twelve Mile Island. McCoolie won in 29 rounds fought in 31 minutes.

McCoolie was then matched to fight Tom Jennings, who had also defeated Bill Blake. Jennings had challenged Ned Price and John C. Heenan when McCoolie measured him and arranged a match for \$300. The battle was fought fifteen miles above New Orleans on May 2, 1861. McCoolie won in 27 rounds, which were fought in 33 minutes.

McCoolie's friends were jubilant and they decided to match him to fight any man breathing. He was unable to secure a match until 1863, when he was matched with Joe Coburn for \$2,000 and the championship. A greater degree of interest was centered in this match than in any like event in the records of the prize ring, with the exception of the Hyer and Sullivan and Heenan and Morrissey battles. This was owing to the fact that McCoolie was looked upon as the champion of the west, while Coburn was the recognized champion in the east. The match naturally led to the wagering of much money and excited a sectional antagonism and partisanship.

McCoolie came on to New York and Harry Hill had charge of him. At that time McCoolie did not know the first rudiments of boxing and Hill introduced him to Prof. Ottignon, one of the greatest of America's heavy-weight sparrers. Ottignon put on the gloves with McCoolie and in less than five minutes knocked him down. Harry Hill secured Dan Kerrigan and Australian Kelly to train McCoolie and they had hard work to teach him how to counter.

The fight was decided on May 5 at Cecil county, Maryland. McCoolie stood up and was terribly punished. Sixty-seven rounds were fought in 1h. and 10m. Coburn was declared the winner.

McCoolie returned to St. Louis and did not engage in any more battles till 1866, although he displayed his fighting abilities as a rough-and-tumble on more than one occasion at Cairo, Natchez and New Orleans. In the meantime his friends in St. Louis matched him to fight Bill Davis of California for \$2,000 and a champion belt. They fought at Rhoad's Point, near St. Louis, Mo., on Sept. 19, 1866. It was a brute strength fight all through. McCoolie after 34 rounds was declared the winner. Davis was carried insensible from the ring.

McCoolie then challenged any man in America to fight for the championship. Aaron Jones, who had fought Tom Sayers twice in England, picked up the gauntlet. The backers of Aaron Jones were confident that their champion could whip McCoolie and the match was made.

McCoolie trained himself, while Jim Cusick, who seconded Heenan in his battle with Tom Sayers in England, and who seconded Coburn when he whipped McCoolie, trained Jones. The battle was fought on Aug. 31, 1867, at Busenbark Station, Ohio. McCoolie won in 34 rounds, 20m. McCoolie forced the fighting all through the desperate battle and displayed great improvement since he had fought Coburn and Davis. Jones tried to blind McCoolie but his star as a pugilist had long since set. He was clumsy on his legs and unable to escape the tremendous blows McCoolie delivered. Finally a terrific hit between the eyes sent Jones reeling down senseless in his corner.

McCoolie was hailed king of St. Louis after his return home and was married to a beautiful young lady who became infatuated with him, but after living with him a short time ran away with some one she liked better.

McCoolie's next match with Joe Coburn for \$10,000 ended in a fizzle. The men were to have fought at Cold Spring Station, Ind., on May 27, 1868. McCoolie entered the ring but Coburn was arrested on his way. McCoolie was also arrested afterward and both were imprisoned for forty days in Lawrenceburg jail, where they remained until July 3. The stakes in the match were drawn and McCoolie claimed the championship of America.

On Sept. 11, 1868, John C. Heenan challenged McCoolie to fight for \$1,000 but the latter declined.

It will be seen by McCoolie's record that Allen had to meet no novice, that he had fought some hard battles and that he possessed the regulation share of pluck, science and stamina. The great battle between McCoolie and Allen was fought at Foster Island, 23 miles from St. Louis, on June 15, 1869.

McCoolie had for seconds Jerry Donovan and Tom Kelly, while But Riley and Sher. Thurston waited upon his opponent. Jack Looney stood umpire for Mac, Steve Halloran for Allen and Val McKluney officiated as referee. The appearance of McCoolie was the signal for loud and prolonged cheering, while but few voices were raised to greet Tom, it being evident that the sympathy of the crowd was largely on the other side of the house.

After the men had disrobed McCoolie with an air of braggadocio walked over to Allen's corner and producing a roll of notes offered to wager \$1,500 on the result, to which Tom replied to the effect that he had no money, which was hailed with renewed cheers for Mike and jeers for the Britisher. Allen, perceiving how strong the tide was against him, then rose to his feet and raising his hand to enjoin silence, said:

"Gentlemen, I have no money or I would freely bet it and I am very sorry that so much prejudice exists in regard to my nationality. I declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States two

years ago and if you will give me time enough I will prove myself as worthy a citizen as any of you. I came here to-day to fight this gentleman and all I ask of you is to give me a fair show. I ask no favors. I have no money but I am going to try to win some and will do my best."

This manly speech was applauded by a few but had little effect on the vast majority who were blinded by prejudice and admiration for their man, whom they had resolved should win anyhow, as the sequel proved. The betting had all along been in favor of McCoolie at odds of 100 to 75, but the aspect of affairs at the ring side had the effect of causing offers of 2 to 1 to go begging.

Below we print the POLICE GAZETTE report of the rounds:

ROUND 1. The disparity in their size was really astonishing as they faced each other and among men less swayed by prejudice would have been sufficient to have thrown the balance of sympathy upon the side of the smaller man. Allen stripped magnificently, his flesh being firm and hard and knotted over with muscles which looked as though formed of steel, while his eyes sparkled with the lustre of health and a smile of unbounding confidence overspread his genuine out and out "fighting nob." He had given his weight as 170 lbs., but it was adjudged to be nearly nine pounds above that. McCoolie, on the other hand, although he towered far above his antagonist, looked morose and haggard, his flesh seemed soft and flabby, there was a lack of that fine muscular development visible in Allen and the expression of his eyes was dull and heavy. That he was far from being in perfect condition was patent to all who gazed upon him and instead of 215 lbs., as his trainer asserted, we should estimate his weight at not an ounce less than 224 lbs and wouldn't be surprised to hear that it was a couple of pounds more. Nevertheless, he had no fear for the result—why should he have with such a gang at his back—and walked up to the mark with a rather awkward gait, though there was an air of extreme confidence in his carriage. Allen advanced carelessly with his hands down, but a teint from Mike brought them into position and after a couple of harmless feelers Allen dashed in with his right, catching Mac on the mark a resounding smack, who returned the favor with a blow on the mouth, for which Allen repaid him by a pounce on the ribs. McCoolie rushed to close quarters and forced Tom toward the ropes on the right hand corner, administering a shot on the cheek but receiving in return a severe blow on the mouth and another—terrible crack—under the left eye, opening a respectable sized gash from which the blood flowed freely. Mike countered on the mouth and Tom went to grass, mainly from the force of his own delivery, as that of McCoolie was not severe enough. Nevertheless first knock down was claimed and allowed for Mike, while Tom obtained the second event, first blood. The McCoolies were in ecstasies and loudly offered long odds on their man, applying derisive epithets the while to Allen, but the latter noticed it not but smiled with satisfaction at his performance.

ROUND 2. Both men quickly at the scratch and no sooner there than at work, each seemingly bent on making short work of the other. McCoolie was the first to offer but Allen jumped back and the blow barely reached his breast. Instantly he returned with a stunning hit on Mac's bad eye, which was swelling rapidly, the blow reopening and enlarging the gash, and before Mac could return he had visited the dial twice, right and left, each blow being full of steam and leaving its mark either with a cut of the sharp knuckles or an ugly looking goose egg. The giant seemed perfectly bewildered by the fierce onslaught and all his efforts to guard are futile, though he don't try much, while he is wild in delivery, his strength expending itself as his arms saw the air and Allen continues to pour in telling blows thick and fast, almost closing Mac's eyes, which are his target now. Finally they close and Allen, knowing the uselessness of wrestling with such a gigantic adversary, goes down laughing as his seconds carry him to his corner, still unhurt, while the blood was pouring from two cuts on Mac's physiognomy and in order to prevent his left eye from going tight shut one of his seconds sucked the dark life current from the cut beneath. McCoolie's friends were not so jubilant now, feeling convinced that they had caught a Tartar, while Allen's adherents were in great glee at his unexpectedly fine performance.

ROUND 3. McCoolie, acting upon the advice of his seconds and no doubt feeling the necessity of bringing matters to a speedy termination if he expected to win on his merits alone, rushed at Tom as though he was going to annihilate him but his savage lunge just touched the body of Allen who likewise easily avoided two more attempts viciously made by the now infuriated Michael, while he peppered his man terribly, nearly all his blows being aimed at the face, it being plainly his object to shut up his lamps. The fighting was so fast and furious that no account could be kept of the hits, few of which were credited to Mike, Allen easily evading nearly all his unscientific offers and rasping and hacking away at his puffed, raw looking face, apparently bleeding at every pore and certainly from at least half a dozen nasty gashes. Much of the fighting was at half arm distance which rendered McCoolie's blows, such as he did get home, from the awkwardness of their delivery almost without effect, while Tom's upper cuts told with fearful effect and caused the hearts of Mike's friends to sink somewhere in the neighborhood of their boots while Mac winked and blinked and endeavored to repay the little man before him, but finding he couldn't do so he clinched and by exerting his strength bore the unresisting Tom to the ground but his efforts to add his immense weight to the fall was cleverly prevented by Allen slipping to one side as he touched terra firma. Allen stood was rapidly rising and McCoolie going "down, derry down," the latter's friends being furious with disappointment and anger while his confident expression had given way, as far as could be observed in the swollen, bleeding and mangled face, to mingled feelings of astonishment, anger and despair. Allen was still unmarked, save a scarcely noticeable puffing of the lips, though Mike's severe deliveries on the ribs had left their marks in the shape of a few moles and discolorations.

ROUND 4. Allen was at the scratch with alacrity but McCoolie didn't leave his second's knee until time had twice been called. Tom impatiently waited for him. When Mike started, however, he went it with a rush, his arms working like piston rods and Allen avoiding nearly all his blows without trouble and "letting up" on the giant somewhat, aware that by his terrible lunges, the force of which was spent on the air, the latter was weakening himself rapidly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Prominent sporting men throughout the United States who desire to have their portraits published in the POLICE GAZETTE, will oblige us by at once forwarding their photos with full biographical particulars to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

M., Camden, N. J.—No.
S. D. L., Utica, N. Y.—No.
W. C., Sacramento, Cal.—No.
W. G., New London, Conn.—Dexter won.
T. P. K., Bolivar, N. Y.—Sing Sing prison.
J. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Your favor attended to.
M. S., Brookhaven, Miss.—Picture and letter received.

J. J. H., Woodbury, Conn.—The coin that is over the crack wins.

B., Brockton, Mass.—We can furnish you complete files of 1880, 1881 and 1882.

E. B., New Tacoma, W. T.—Send on \$2. We can furnish you with a book.

W. H., Sacramento, Cal.—Read the POLICE GAZETTE. We published the scores.

E. F. T., Far Rockaway, N. Y.—Write to Billy Edwards in care of this office.

W. F. C., Beverly, N. J.—We do not give the private address of actresses.

W. R., Newburg, N. Y.—We only know of one horse that bears that name.

J. S. R., Baltimore, Md.—We recently published his battles in the POLICE GAZETTE.

J. A. W., Hazleton, Pa.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen only fought once as opponents.

B. C., Staples, Minn.—Paddy Ryan weighed 165 pounds and Sullivan 195 pounds.

J. F., San Francisco, Cal.—The throw was a foul and B can insist on A throwing again.

B. C., Martinsville, Ill.—Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

S. W., Albany, N. Y.—Wm. M. Tweed did not die in 1877, and A loses. He died April 12, 1878.

F. B. P., Sharpsburg.—If you agreed to play ten games and each won five the game was a draw.

F. H., Boston, Mass.—There will be no race for the POLICE GAZETTE diamond belt at Boston, Mass.

T. T., Chicago, Ill.—Wm. J. Sharkey killed Wm. Dunn, better known in sporting circles as Bob Isaacs.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—No. 2 Wm. Howes walked 21 miles in 2h. 57 1/2 m. at London, Eng., March 31, 1877.

D. J. C., Abington, Mass.—Decide a bet by stating where Richard K. Fox was born. In Belfast, Ireland.

T. S., Plympton, Mass.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height and weighs 190 pounds in condition.

J. M., New York City.—John L. Sullivan was never knocked out of time by any pugilist before or since he met Tug Wilson.

S. H., St. Louis, Mo.—A is wrong. Bryan Campbell fought Harry Hicken at Collier's Station, West Virginia, March 4, 1873.

M. G., Gallatin, Texas.—No. 2 Wm. P. O'Reilly, the pugilist, was killed by Charley Huff at Virginia City, Nevada, on July 1, 1874.

J. G., Carrollton, N. Y.—The fastest time running for one mile is 4m. 16 1/2 s., made by Wm. Cummings at Preston, Eng., May 14, 1881.

M. B., Cold Springs, Ind.—Tim Heenan, brother of John C. Heenan, was shot at Philadelphia on June 11, 1868, and he died on June 14, 1868.

F. L. M., Sacramento, Cal.—It is out of print. 2 Yes. 3 Books on boxing are first-class for a guide, but a teacher is far superior to books.

S., Peoria, Ill.—Amy Howard holds that title. 2 No. 3. William Perkins walked 8 miles in 58m. 28s. at Brighton, Eng., on July 28, 1876.

JAMES DOUGLASS, who some time ago made an inquiry as to the rights of naturalized citizens, will please send his address to this office.

A., Connellsville.—John Howard made the longest running broad jump on record at Chester, Eng., May 8, 1874. He covered 29 feet 7 inches.

W. H., Macedonia, Iowa.—The fastest ten mile running time is 51m. 28s., made by L. Bennett, better known as "Deer Foot," at London, April 3, 1863.

W. S. M., New Orleans, La.—Nat Langham was born at Hincley, Eng., in 1820. 2 Sixty-one rounds in 2h. 20m. Sayers was blind when he left the ring.

S. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—Owney Geoghegan has Frank Wilson, Funny Cooke and Jem Fowler under contract to box at the Old House at Home for one year.

G. W., San Jose, Cal.—Harry Maynard never fought for the light weight championship. 2 Write to Patsy Hogan, our correspondent, who resides at San Francisco.

S. H., New Haven, Conn.—Harry Lazarus was murdered by Barney Friery in Houston street, New York, Jan. 3, 1865. Friery was hung for the crime on Aug. 17, 1866.

W. H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—No, Mace and Allen only fought once. 2 Mace and Coburn met in the ring twice and both meetings ended in a draw, neither winning.

H. W., Durand, Wis.—England won the Elcho shield in 1877. 2 It was shot for on July 22. 3 The Scotch team did beat both the English and Irish team at the 1,000 yard range.

S. C. N., New York City.—If you want to learn the art of self defence apply to Prof. Wm. McClellan, John street, near Nassau. We do not know the amount he charges for lessons.

M. S., Columbus, Ohio.—There was an American horse in the Goodwood Cup race ten years of age, and B. is correct. In 1861 Richard Ten Broeck's stock won the Goodwood Cup.

P. D., Brunswick, Me.—The Tommy Chandler who fought Dooney Harris is not the same, nor no relation to the Chicago boxer of that name. 2 Daly is a pugilist of New England.

C. W. D., Boston, Mass.—The fastest double team time is 2:16 1/2, made by Frank Work's team, Edward

and Dick Swiveller, at Gentlemen's Driving Park, New York, July 13, 1882.

J. S. W., Rochester, N. Y.—In Troy, N. Y. 2 Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." It contains all the information, which we have not space to publish.

W. A. B., Iowa City, Iowa.—Walton owns a hotel in this city. 2 He is called the Plunger because he wagers his money in a reckless manner on horses, wagering thousands at a time.

M. H. S., Albany, N. Y.—A wins. Wm. Sexton did go to Paris to play Vignaux. 2 Vignaux and Sexton played 600 points up on March 31, 1876, at Paris, and Vignaux won by a score of 600 to 429.

J. W. K., Whitney, Ala.—No. 2 Mike Cleary keeps a sporting house in Philadelphia. He claims that his business occupies all his attention, and that he would not have time to train to engage in a prize fight.

G. M., Mobile, Ala.—Dan O'Leary defeated Napoleon Campans in a six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden, New York, Dec. 23 to 28, 1878. Campans covered 357 1/2 miles, O'Leary 400 1-9 miles.

S. W., Jackson, Miss.—No. 2 Edward Hanlan and James H. Riley rowed a dead heat at the Barrie, Ontario, regatta in 1879. Hanlan declined to row over. Riley rowed over the course and received first money.

S. M., Newark, Del.—Wm. Lovell owned American Girl. 2 American fell dead while trotting at Elmira, N. Y., on Oct. 2, 1875. 3 A statue was erected in memory of American Girl at Elmira and unveiled on June 13, 1876.

H. M., Cairo, Ill.—Bryan Campbell fought Dave Lewis at Cunningham Valley, Pa., Dec. 19, 1870. The stakes were \$3,000. Campbell won by a foul in 98 rounds, fought in 1h. 30m. 2 He resides at Leadville, Colo. 3 No.

C. R., Dunkirk, N. Y.—It is measured with a lead line marked in fathoms (six feet making a fathom.) 2 John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer, 208 Bowery, N. Y., can supply you with a picture of John L. Sullivan.

G. M., Morrisstown, N. J.—Wm. C. McClellan and Michael Donovan. 2 The longest prize fight on record is 9h. 15m., between James (Australian) Kelly and Jonathan Smith, fought near Melbourne, Australia, November, 1855.

J. A. S., East Stroudsburg, Pa.—The fastest time on record for one mile running is 4m. 16 1/2 s., made by Wm. Cummings at Preston, Eng., May 14, 1881. Bill Lang's record for one mile is 4m. 17 1/2 s., made in a dead heat with Bill Richards.

S., Cleburne, Texas.—The fastest trotting time on record is 2:10 1/2, made by Maud S. against time in harness at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1881. Maud S. has also trotted a mile in 2:10 1/2 against time in harness at Pittsburg, Pa., July 13, 1881.

D. G., Boston, Mass.—John Morrissey was first elected to Congress from the Fifth District, New York, Nov. 6, 1866. He was re-elected in 1868. In 1875 he was elected State Senator from the Fourth District and re-elected in 1877 from the Seventh District.

G. & V., Cleveland, Ohio.—Tug Wilson claimed that he came over expressly to fight John L. Sullivan, but whether he intended to fight Sullivan or not we cannot say. We would advise you to draw your money, as it is impossible for us to decide who wins.

T. E. H., Stroudsburg, Pa.—In the event of two men tying for second prize in a pigeon shooting match they must fire off in order to decide which of them is entitled to it; or if they choose they can divide the amount, the fourth man capturing third prize.

M. W., Alexandria, Va.—George Seward ran 100 yards in 9 1/2 seconds at Hammersmith, England, Sept. 30, 1844. He ran 120 yards in 11 1/2 seconds at London, England, May 3, 1847, and he is recorded to have run 200 yards in 19 1/2 seconds at London, England, March 22, 1847.

J. O. T., Dellforte, Colo.—Tug Wilson is the only pugilist that has succeeded in standing up before John L. Sullivan at the champion's style of boxing four three-minute rounds. 2 We publish a book entitled "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan." Send for it.

J. M., Manchester, N. H.—The population of Manchester, Eng., is 517,741; Birmingham, Eng., 400,900. Paris, France, has a population estimated at over 2,000,000; Peking, China, 500,000. London, Eng., has a population of over 4,000,000, while that of New York exceeds 1,300,000.

G. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—In regard to the Prize and Fian race we have nothing to say. The referee's decision is final, no matter whether it was a fair or unfair one. We do not care about mixing up in a race which, judging from all accounts, was a disgraceful swindle, and we do not know who to blame as it is a very much mixed affair.

M. S., Utica, N. Y.—J. H. McLaughlin was defeated by Homer Lane at Onondaga, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1867. On Dec. 28, 1876, he was defeated at Boston by James Owens, of Vermont. At Chicago, Nov. 23, 1878, he was defeated by John McMahon, of Vermont. On March 28, 1879, he was defeated by Prof. Wm. Miller at Baltimore, Md., in a mixed match.

H. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—The National League of professional base ball clubs was formed in New York City on Feb. 2, 1876. 2 John and Bernard Biglen and Lewis Carrett and Henry Coulter rowed five miles in pair oared shells for \$2,000 and the championship of America on the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, May 20, 1872. The Biglens won in 32m. 1s., making the fastest time on record.

H. S., Kansas City.—It is a hard matter to decide. 2 Lew Baker. 3 No. 4. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that "the death of William Poole was caused by a gun-shot wound from a pistol in the hands of Lewis Baker, at Stanwix Hall, in Broadway, on the morning of the 25th of February 1855." James Turner and Patrick McLaughlin, alias "Paugene," were also found guilty of aiding and abetting in the murder, and John Hyer, Cornelius Linn, Charles Van Pelt, John Morrissey and James Irwin as accessories before the fact.

W. S., San Jose, Cal.—1. Hanlan. 2 No. 3. John C. Heenan never received the champion belt he fought Tom Sayers for, nor the stakes. At the Athlona, London, on May 30, 1860, the stakes posted by Heenan and Sayers' backers were withdrawn and far simule champion belts were presented—the one to Sayers by George Wilkes, and the one to Heenan by Mr. Caldwell, with an address on parchment from the referee, on which were these words: "The name of John C. Heenan will be remembered with respect as one of the bravest men who ever entered a twenty-four foot ring."

Marvin M. Morse.

The subject of our sketch is one of the members of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association for the Western District—having held the office since February, 1878. For many years he was the Secretary of Earl Driving Park, Earlville, Ill., in its day the most popular association in the northwest, and the very first in that section to become a member of the National. When his townsman, C. M. Smith, occupies the Judges' stand as starter, Mr. Morse is always his associate, and it is upon him the former relies for the adjudication of all questions of the law and the rules that may arise in the various vicissitudes of a race. He is able, just and fearless, and in the full and complete knowledge of racing law he has no superior. He is a most valued member of the board, and his opinions are highly regarded. He has been engaged in the banking business at Earlville for a long time, where he still resides.

A Baseball Expert.

Charles W. Reipschlager began playing baseball in the nine of the Silver Stars of New York in 1874 as catcher; played with the Stars of Newark and Flyaways in 1875 as catcher, and was in the Monticello's of New York and Honesdale's of Pennsylvania as pitcher in 1876; in 1877 played in Albany as right field and catcher; in 1878 played in Worcester as center field and change catcher; in 1879 he played in New Bedford as catcher; in 1880 played in Brockton as catcher and in 1881 played with the Atlantics of Brooklyn as catcher. In 1882 he joined the "Mets," and has been under the management of Mr. Mutrie, of that club, for the past three years. He will continue a member of the nine next year.

Annie, the Racing Dog.

In this issue we print the portrait of Annie, who won the POLICE GAZETTE champion dog collar, recently run for under the management of Arthur Chambers, at Pastime Park, Bellevue,



MARVIN M. MORSE,

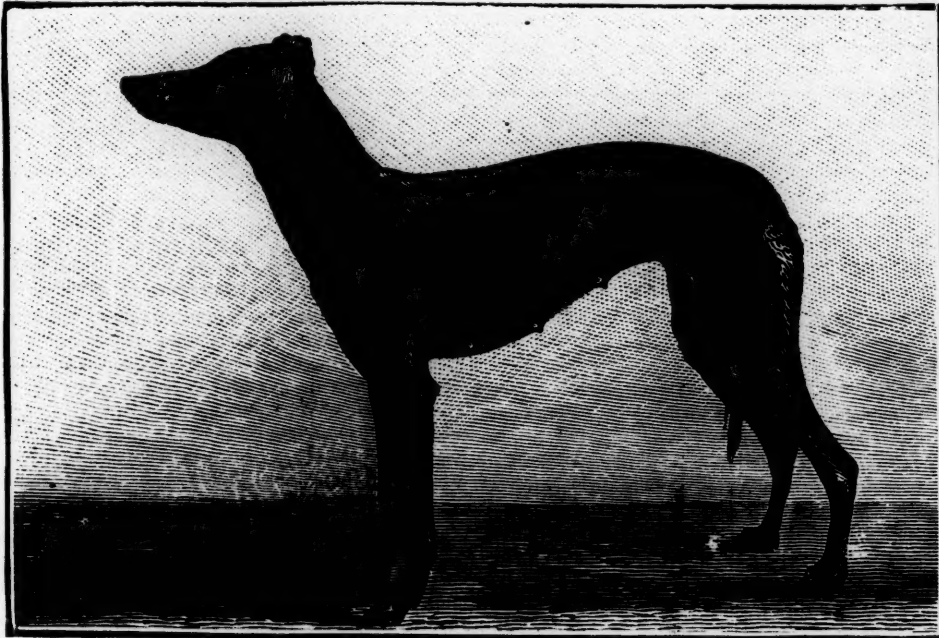
OF EARLVILLE, ILL., PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

wound that caused death in a short time. He then shot the boy through the back, but did not kill him. He made his way to Indiana and was arrested for stealing horses, as mentioned above. The officers did not place much confidence in this confession, supposing that it was a scheme to get out of the scrape he was in, but on telegraphing to Wytheville they learned that it was true, and, furthermore, there is a reward of \$300 for Crockett's capture. He will probably be taken back to Virginia to stand his trial for murder.

Two Rival Doctors.

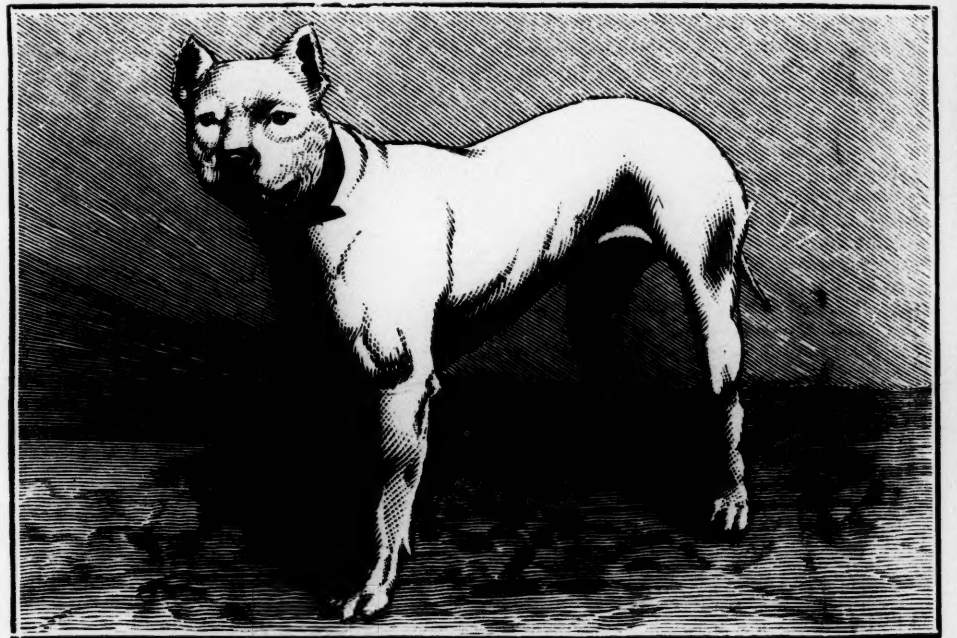
A feud existing between the families of two physicians, Dr. C. G. Stuart and Dr. W. H. Brown, both of North Henderson, Ill., culminated on the morning of Nov. 23 in a murder, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock. Dr. Brown was shot and killed by Mrs. Levi Stuart, wife of Dr. Stuart. Mrs. Stuart went to the house of Brown and called him up, saying this difficulty must be settled. Brown turned to light a lamp, when Mrs. Stuart fired, the ball entering the back about one inch from the spinal column, passing through the body. Dr. and Mrs. Stuart then escaped in a carriage. A posse of men were sent out to scour the country. Drs. J. P. McClannahan and C. L. Emmerson dressed the wound and pronounced the case hopeless. Dr. Stuart went to North Henderson in 1874, and was helped into a lucrative practice mainly through the influence of the assassinated man. Brown has since that time taken a course in medicine at the Rush Medical College, Chicago, and returned to that place to practice.

Brown occupied the same office with Stuart for some time. Stuart undoubtedly did things to injure Brown's practice. Words were passed. Stuart, to retaliate, sued Brown for \$2,500, alleged indebtedness, last June, which was settled by arbitrators, bringing Brown a debtor to Stuart in some \$350. Brown was satisfied. Stuart kept lacerating the old sore. Brown borrowed of Stuart's wife splints to bind a broken limb during Stuart's absence. A final rup-



ANNIE,

THE CHAMPION RACING DOG—WINNER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" COLLAR.



PILOT,

THE FAMOUS CHAMPION FIGHTING DOG OF MISSISSIPPI.

Pa. Annie is owned by Hadfield, a noted sporting man of Philadelphia, and she is said to be the fastest whippet in America. Mr. Hadfield states that he is ready to match her to run any dog in America, the race to be governed by the POLICE GAZETTE champion rules.

Pilot, the Champion Fighting Dog.

In this issue we publish a picture of Pilot, the champion fighting dog of Mississippi. He is owned by Mike Suttle, of Brookhaven, Miss., who says he will match him to fight against any dog of his weight in America. Pilot has fought two "off the reel" battles and killed both his antagonists. He is a well bred canine, and Mississippi sports think he can beat any bull terrier in America at his weight.

Gave Himself Away.

A few days ago a man giving his name as James Rider was arrested at Anderson, Ind., on a charge of horse-stealing. Rider at the time of his arrest laughingly remarked: "Oh, you fellows are d-d cute, but there's a place in Virginia that wants me worse than you do." This remark set the officers to thinking, and they began working with their man to find out what he meant by the remark. He became very low-spirited, and, calling one of the officials into the jail with him, he said he wanted to tell him something. Rider then said that his real name was William M. Crockett, and that he was charged with murder in Virginia. The story he told is as follows: He and one Joseph Hurt were engaged in rolling ten-pins in a saloon at Wytheville, Virginia; a quarrel arose and the two were frequently passed between the two, but they separated before coming to blows. Hurt made a number of threats which were brought to Crockett. The next day, about noon, Crockett, armed with a navy revolver, went to Hurt's house and found Hurt and a little boy at work in an adjoining field. Raising his weapon on the fence he took deliberate aim and fired, the ball striking Hurt in the groin, inflicting a

ture occurred. Rumor had it that Stuart threatened to shoot Brown if he did not leave town. A petition was gotten up by the citizens to settle matters within the last week. The two doctors were brothers-in-law, having married sisters. The Stuarts, the doctor and his wife, were captured the day after the murderous assault, and lodged in jail at Alledo.

A Battle With Bandits.

As an express train was leaving Blum, a small station on the Santa Fe railroad, fifteen miles south of Cleburne, on the night of December 1, three men boarded the engine, and presenting revolvers, ordered the engineer to pull out. When the train had run about three miles the order was countermanded and an order to slow up issued. During the slowing up the engine struck a torpedo, which exploded. This was a signal for a number of men to rise up out of the bushes and rob the train, but the guards, who were also aroused by the explosion, looking out saw the men coming to the attack and began to fire on them. The trio on the engine jumped off and joined their confederates and a regular battle ensued, in which about seventy-five shots were exchanged. The battle might have lasted longer had not the engineer jerked out the throttle and run out of range. Nobody was hurt so far as is known. The road had been expecting an attack for several days and had prepared for it.

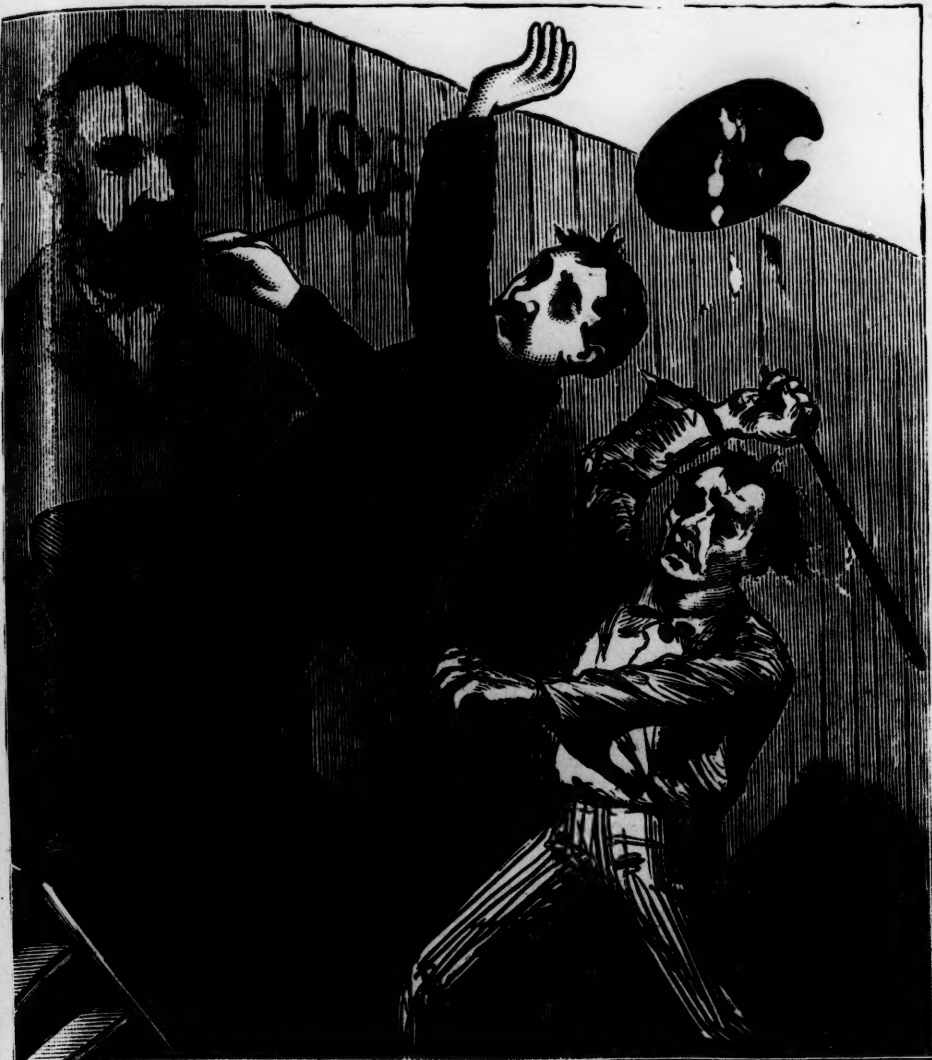
Cowboys on a Lark.

The Texas cowboy is still a lively factor in his section. Here is one of his last escapades: On Nov. 23, a lot of drunken cowboys boarded a train at Sweetwater to go to Ft. Worth. To pass off the time they practiced on the windows with their revolvers, breaking all the glass in the car and frightening all the other passengers out, some of whom narrowly escaped with their lives. They acted as they pleased until they reached their destination, leaving the cars and everybody in them "all broke up."



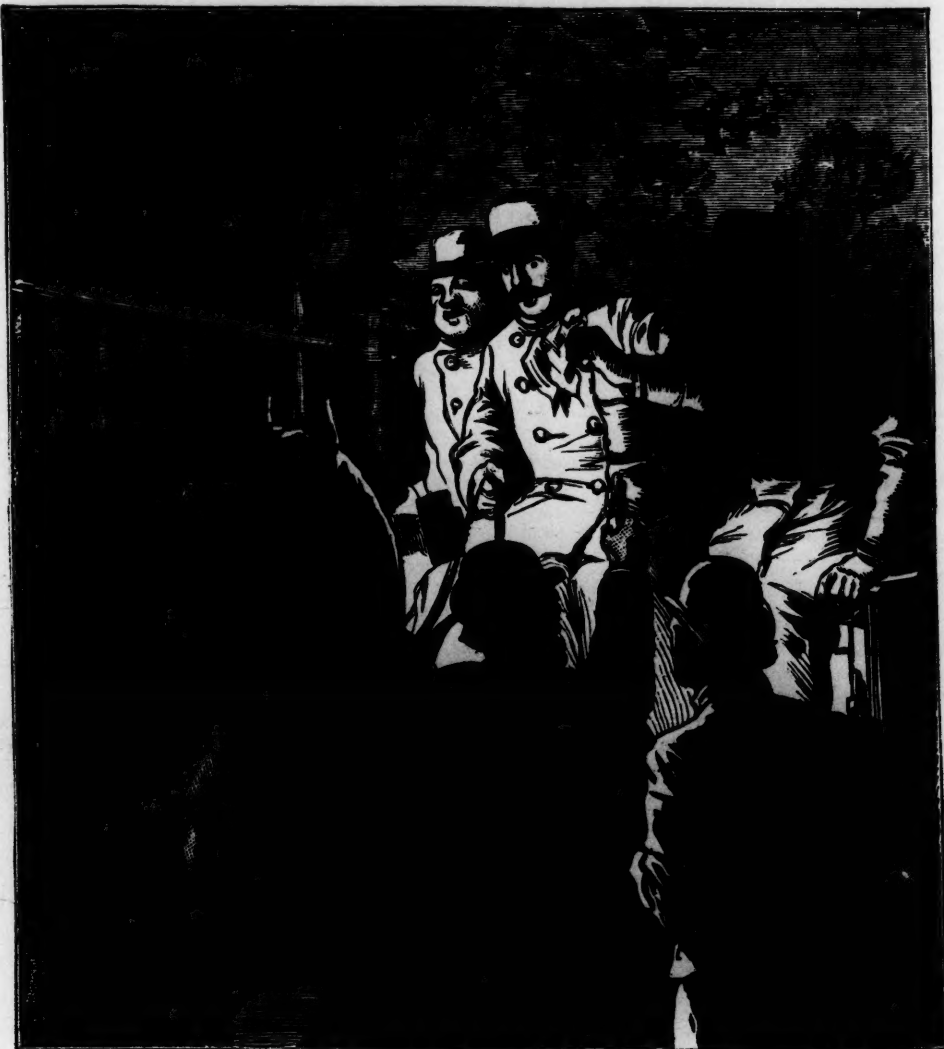
CHARLES W. REIPSCHLAGER,

A POPULAR MEMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN CLUB'S NINE.



NO LOVER OF ART.

A PEORIA CRANK INTERFERES WITH A "POLICE GAZETTE" ADVERTISING ARTIST, AND FINDS HIMSELF IN FOR A SORE HEAD AND A DOCTOR'S BILL.



BODY SNATCHERS TRAPPED.

THREE MEN CAPTURED IN PHILADELPHIA WITH A LOAD OF SIX CORPSES TAKEN FROM A LOCAL CEMETERY.

The Bigots' Boom.

As we predicted, the bigots' of Gotham, who care not whom they annoy by the clangor of their frightful church bells of a Sunday, have taken advantage of the blue law articles of the new penal code to oppress the poor, and to make life as miserable as possible to everyone who does not coincide with them in their prejudice as to what constitutes holiness. The first Sunday on which these distressing laws were in effect was that of Dec. 3. The sneaks and fanatics of the churches and the cranks of the Salvation Army set themselves at work to have the provisions carried out to the full letter of the law, and even beyond, if possible. They succeeded so well that it was impossible to buy a cigar or have your boots blacked during the day without a policeman stepping up and arresting the bootblack or snatching the cigar dealer. Meantime, though, the trade in liquor continued very lively through the side doors. The grocers were not permitted to open the doors and the family of the poor workman who did not get his salary until too late for marketing on Saturday night went without their usual Sunday dinner. The newsboys who attempted to sell the Sunday papers on the streets were also arrested, but the churchmen did not tackle the wealthy and pugnacious proprietors who issued the papers—they preferred the newsboys as antagonists since they were weaker. Although the code forbids travel by public conveyance Cryus Field's elevated roads were permitted to run in plain violation of the law, and all the coachmen of the church goers, and their cooks and scullions continued to do servile labor in plain violation of the law. The whole thing is a farce, and will be borne with an ill grace by New York until the new legislature shall have time to sweep it away. If the legislature were not to do this promptly and effectually there would be a popular uprising that would make the wretched minority of bigots and fanatics shake in their boots. These churchmen have been pulling the mane of the lion and kicking him for some time, and



A LAW WITH TWO SIDES.

HOW THE NEW PENAL CODE KEEPS POVERTY HUNGRY WITHOUT MAKING PIETY UNCOMFORTABLE; THE LAST TRIUMPH OF CANT IN NEW YORK CITY.

he hasn't minded it because it amused them and didn't hurt him. But when they begin to prod him with spikes and attempt to get him into a cage and be locked up and fed on tracts and hymn books, they are going too far. He isn't that kind of a lion, and don't you forget it.

No Lover of Art.

The POLICE GAZETTE employs a special brigade of decorative artists who meander about the country adorning the face of nature in the interests of this enterprising and enlightened journal. Now and then our advertisement brigade has an adventure. One of these occurred in Peoria, Ill., last week, when a rabid crank whose wife had sold the privilege of decorating the front fence for the price of a winter hat, entered a protest against the consummation of the bargain. He entered the protest through the convincing medium of a club and our artist was knocked out in the first round. But he speedily rallied, and there was a sick crank in Peoria by the time he got through.

Moral—If you don't admire art don't say so too forcibly, unless you are sure of your man.

Alleged Blackmailing.

A case of evident blackmailing on a wealthy old resident of Lockport, N. Y., was recently brought to light. The gentleman upon whom the despicable attempt was made is Mr. Hiram Dodge, a wealthy landowner living near the city. One day last week he was in Lockport, and possibly imbibed more than was needful. At any rate he was seen by a young man named Latham, who has a very uneviuable reputation in the locality. Latham joined his company and, under the pretence of taking him home took Dodge to his own house, where he has a young, sprightly and buxom wife. He left Dodge there over night and until morning, remaining from home quite a long time, leaving Dodge and his wife alone together. Dodge is a man over 70 years old, has been arrested but denies the charge of criminal outrage.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE FEMALE SHARPERS OF NEW YORK.

Their laments and habits, the ruses and their victims. By the author of "Furo Expresed," "The Man-traps of New York," "Crooked Life in New York," "Detective Secrets," etc. With Illustrations. By mail 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

PETER DURYEA, Chas. Rowell and George W. Lee sailed for England Dec. 5.

ROBERT BONNER has paid J. H. Coon \$6,000 for the trotting horse Picard, record 2:18 1/4.

WM. BECKWITH, the famous English champion swimmer, is coming to this country.

JOHN T. CROSSLLEY defeated Fred. J. McQuigan, running 130yds. at the Polo grounds, N. Y., on Dec. 5. Crossley won by 5ft. in 13 1/2s.

JOHN T. CROSSLLEY and Fred. W. Stone have been matched to run 100yds. for \$1,000. The race will be decided at Woodstock, Canada, on Dec. 15.

GORMLEY & DAWSON's tenth all United States 15 yard hand cap was run at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Dec. 2 and R. Holt, of Fairmount, with a start of 14 1/2yds., won.

The prize fight for \$500 between Jack King of McKeesport and Pat Kelly of Braddock, Pa., which was to have been fought on Dec. 7, ended in a fizzle, Kelly refusing to fight.

PETE McJOY, the champion boxer of New Jersey, and one of the John L. Sullivan combination, says if Tom Sweeney means business that he will fight him with gloves for \$200 or \$500 a side.

GEORGE FULLJAMES and Frank White were to have fought in an up-town sporting rendezvous on Dec. 2, but Fulljames was absent from the fighting ground and the affair ended in a fizzle.

MR. T. F. WALTON, who is known on both sides of the Atlantic as the "Plunger," has arrived home. He denies that he lost a small fortune in England on the race for the Liverpool Cup.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, the champion athlete of the world, has posted \$1,000 with the POLICE GAZETTE and agrees to compete against Donald Dinnie or George Davidson, the Scotch athletes, for any amount in athletic games.

LORD OGILVIE, whose large estate is located in Weld Co., Colo., is a heavy-weight boxer of approved skill. His fondness for the exercise is shown by his donation of the \$100 purse that was won by John P. Clow, in Leavenworth, Colo., Dec. 2, in the contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal.

BILLY FIELDS, Harry Hill's "steel man," well known all over the country as an expert boxer, will be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's theatre, Houston street, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 27. All the champions will appear and Billy Fields will wind up with any middle weight present.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Harry Monroe, Samuel H. Miller, Edwin Bibby, Tompkins Gilbert, Albert M. Frey, Mike Donovan, John H. Clark, John L. Sullivan, Jack King, R. Toner, Frank Rose, Billy Madden, Charles Price, Joseph H. Batty, Hank Crandlie.

JAMES KEENAN, the noted sporting man of 95 Portland st., Boston, has rebuilt his favorite sporting house and named it the "POLICE GAZETTE Stables." Sporting men residing in the Hub will do well to pay Keenan a visit, where they will gain the latest tip in all events in the sporting line.

BILLY MADDEN, who was recently John L. Sullivan's trainer and manager, is living at Stamford st., Waterloo road, London, Eng. He has been teaching a number of the nobility how to box and receiving ten dollars for each lesson. Madden denies that he went to England to hunt up a pugilist to fight Sullivan.

THE 200 yard dog running handicap at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, was won by Quigley's dog. The following is the summary of the final heat:

1. Quigley's bk. and w. dog Watch, 50lbs., 45 yards
2. A. Chambers' br. bitch Let-her-Come, 22lbs. 2 yards
- * Sykes' bk. and w. dog Shoter, 11 1/2lbs., 17 yards
- * Doc Hoyle's b. bitch Annie, 18 1/2lbs., a scr'h.

* Dead heat.

P. J. MURPHY, of Williamsburg, a brother to the celebrated club swinger, has entered his name for the POLICE GAZETTE medal for amateur middle-weights of Colorado. Murphy is twenty-one years of age, five feet seven and one-half inches high and will weigh, in condition, 140lbs. His entry is accepted subject to the option of Mr. Willis H. Cuth, who is entitled to the third test with the holder of the medal, if he so desires.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the past week: "Soap" McAlpine, Jim Murray, Capt. J. C. Daly, George D. Noremac, Mike Keenan, Frank Stevenson, Donald Dinnie, John Leary, John Hughes, James Pilkington, Bob Farrell, Jim Geddings, Mike Costello (better known as "Strong Armed Mike"), Prof. Wm. Clark, J. F. Jacoby, Tom Allen, "Pop" Whittaker, Charley Norton, "Funny" Cooke, Frank Wilson, Harry Monroe.

ON December 7 Joe Coburn, the ex-champion pugilist of America, who never lost a prize fight, was released from Sing Sing prison, New York. Coburn, who was 47 years of age last July, does not appear older than he did when he left this city in 1877, and in our opinion he is in better condition than he physically was then. He was sentenced March 6, 1877, to 10 years' imprisonment by Judge Sutherland for an assault with intent to kill Wm. E. Tobins, in this city. He spent the first part of his sentence in Auburn Prison, but about two years ago was brought back to Sing Sing. By his uniformly good conduct his term was reduced by commutation to six years and a half. His discharge says: "Nine months additional commutation is granted as a reward for faithful and meritorious services in aiding the promotion of prison discipline," and that is the ground on which the pardon was granted. Warden Bush says: "He was a perfect convict, a faithful worker, and we hate to lose him."

THE fanciers intend to have a lively time in spite of the efforts of Henry Bergh to stop the sport. Up to the time the POLICE GAZETTE went to press the

following cocking mains had been arranged: December 28, New Jersey against Connecticut, each side to produce 17 cocks and fight all that "weigh in" at weights ranging from 4 pounds to 5 pounds 8 ounces for \$50 each battle and \$500 the odd fight. January 4, Troy and Rochester fight; each side are to produce 17 cocks and fight all that weigh in at weights ranging from 4 pounds to 6 pounds for \$300 each battle and \$2,000 the odd fight. This is a main that will attract all the crack breeders and fanciers in the country. On January 18, Long Island's feathered warriors are to figure against the Trojan chanticleers of ye ancient Troy. The conditions are for each side to show 17, and fight all that fall in at weights ranging from 4 pounds to 6 pounds for \$100 each fight and \$1,000 the odd battle. On January 25, Troy and Long Island are to fight a return main. In this tourney each side is to show 17, and fight all that weigh within two ounces of each other at weights ranging from 4 pounds to 5 pounds 12 ounces. The stakes will be \$100 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight.

THERE is every prospect of a great international 24 hour go-as-you-please race for \$1,000 and the championship of the world between John Hughes, the noted pedestrian of New York, and George Hazael, the famous English pedestrian. Hughes, since he made the wonderful score of 150 miles in 23 hours and 13 minutes in the Duryea six-day race, thinks he can beat any man living in a 24-hour go-as-you-please, and to back up his opinion he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office Dec. 5 with his backer, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and left the following business-like challenge:

NEW YORK, Dec. 5, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: Having heard so much blowing about what George Hazael, the English pedestrian, can do in 24 hours, I hereby challenge George Hazael to compete against me in a 24-hour race, go-as-you-please, for \$500 a side and the championship of the world. To prove I mean business I have posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder and appoint the referee. I will meet Hazael or his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office to sign articles.

JOHN HUGHES.

[We have received \$100 forfeit to back up Hughes' challenge.—RICHARD K. FOX.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Lynn, Mass., furnishes us with the following report of a novel feat in weight lifting and it is not out of the way to say a remarkable one. On Dec. 2 Charles O. Breed, the well known New England amateur athlete, at Lynn, Mass., beat the record of lifting a 50lb. weight from the floor a given number of times in one hour and 30 minutes. Breed recently lifted a weight in private 6,025 times in an hour and a half. To dissolve any doubts concerning it he consented to repeat the attempt in public and accordingly did so as above at the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A., under the direction of Geo. W. Walker, the superintendent of that department. It was done in the presence of 200 people including many citizens who are interested in sporting matters. In one hour Breed lifted the weight 5,500 times and in the entire time allowed lifted 7,600 times, beating the record of Ormand H. Butler, the champion lifter, whose record, 2,350 times in 1b. 24m., was published in the New York POLICE GAZETTE. The scorer on Dec. 2 was T. H. Hawkes; time keepers, W. French and T. B. Tully; counters, H. C. Hodgson and R. A. Kirban, all being members of the association and selected by Mr. Walker. There was a good attendance, including a representative of the clergy. Breed was warmly applauded at the conclusion of the feat.

THE following explains itself:

NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: In your issue of the 9th inst. there is a challenge from T. J. O'Neal & Co., of Louisville, Ky., to fight either C. S. Salisbury, of Naples, N. Y., or J. W. Love, of New York City, or both, a main of cocks. I will answer for myself. I will make a main of cocks to show 21 cocks from 4 to 6 pounds, as they offer, for \$2,000 the main and \$200 a battle, and toss a cent with them for choice of rules and place of fighting, and fight him 1 1/4 inch heels fair and round from point to socket, but will not fight heels longer than New York or Albany rules call for under any circumstances. As O'Neal & Co. say that we do not own game fowl in the north, I should suppose they would sooner fight short heels, as it gives them all the advantage, as they own game fowl and we do not. If they mean business I will place a forfeit of \$250 with either Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, or James Doughey, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., as they may select. Now if O'Neal & Co. do not do all their fighting in the papers, the above, I think, is as fair as any real cocker who wants fighting in place of advising his fowl wants.

J. W. LOVE.

THE following card from Thomas F. Lynch, the noted Irish athlete, explains itself:

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: In answer to a would-be dumb bell challenge or a bluff from Mr. Donald Dinnie, the Scotch athlete, in which he wants to make a match against any man at putting up a 200lb. dumb bell, if the great Donald Dinnie cannot keep up his reputation any better than to issue such a challenge at one competition he must be a very poor dumb bell lifter with apparently only one pet feat. I will make a match with him at putting up dumb bells and at the above competitions that he excels at, the winner to win two out of three or he, Dinnie, pick out three feats of strength and I do the same and toss for odd one. I will do five different feats of strength with heavy dumb bells and will bet any amount of money Mr. Dinnie may wish that he cannot accomplish one feat out of the five. These are feats that will test an athlete's muscular powers. I will make either of the above three matches with Mr. Dinnie or all and will cover every dollar he puts up at the POLICE GAZETTE office. A man with such records as Dinnie should not be afraid to meet a little fellow like I, as he is fifty pounds heavier and four or five inches taller. I will meet Mr. Dinnie any day he names, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to arrange a match or matches. Respectfully yours,

THOMAS F. LYNCH.

THE following explains itself:

NEW YORK, Nov. 30, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: Through your kindness I was enabled to peruse one of the most nonsensical epistles I have ever read, viz., the composition of one George Davidson, who claims to be an athlete in Scotland. People who came in contact with this ignoramus while in America could not expect anything intelligent to emanate from his undeveloped intellect. But I do not believe that

he is so ignorant of athletic rules as to suppose that any sporting journal like the POLICE GAZETTE would publish his letter in reply to a challenge for which the challenger deposited \$1,000 and the would-be acceptor does not post one cent. In fact, he does not prepay the postage on his ill composed epistle but leaves it to be paid for by the receiver. I have issued a challenge to the world and if Davidson has the pluck to meet me he can by covering my deposit, which would be more sportsmanlike on his part than writing nonsensical publications about his abilities. He visited America three years ago and in order to make him a start and get the clubs to increase the prize money Johnston and myself allowed Davidson to take places he could not on his merits. Now this dunderhead has the cheek to state that he thinks he has a chance with me in an athletic contest. If he really thinks so why does he not cover my deposit and make a match? If he ever comes to America he had better bring enough money to take him back.

DUNCAN C. ROSS,

340 E 21st st., New York City.

THE second glove fight for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the middle-weight boxing championship of Colorado, took place at the Globe Theatre, Leavenworth, Colo., on Dec. 3. The trophy was recently won by John P. Clow, who was not allowed to long hold undisputed possession of it, as Tom H. Brennan challenged him to show his ability to retain the prize. The match was arranged and the rivals met as above stated. Three thousand persons assembled to witness the contest. Bryan Campbell was referee, Joe Griffiths seconded Clow and Jim Lafferty seconded Brennan. Wm. H. Monheimer was time-keeper. The pugilists also boxed for \$100, donated by Lord Ogilvie, whose large estate is located in Weld county, Colo. Brennan gained first blood in the seventh round, and the fight was evenly contested up to the ninth round, when Clow got the lead in the fighting. In the eleventh round Clow led, but Brennan's left hand visited his head in such a manner as to make him wary and the audience enthusiastic. The twelfth round was opened by Clow planting a crusher on Brennan's bread-basket, following it up with several similar blows until the wind was completely knocked out of the game little fellow. The men clinched and exchanged some rather feeble blows, and when time was called Clow's second called for a foul, claiming that Brennan had grasped his principal below the belt. The referee ruled contrary to the second's dictation, but it was unnecessary, for ere the thirteenth round was called the sponge ascended from Brennan's corner, and Clow was announced the winner of the second contest for the middle-weight championship of Colorado. The twelve rounds occupied 57 minutes, with one minute allowed between each round.

THERE was a large gathering of sporting men at the POLICE GAZETTE office Dec. 5 to witness the signing of articles between Edwin Bibby and Prof. S. W. Kimble, the instructor of the police athletic club of Baltimore, for a wrestling match for \$500 a side. Prof. Kimble recently posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge, offering to match an unknown to wrestle Edwin Bibby for \$500, catch-as-catch-can. Thomas Ray of this city accepted the challenge and posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox. Both parties were on hand promptly and after the usual confab the match was ratified and the following articles of agreement were drawn up and signed:

BALTIMORE, December 5, 1882.

Articles of agreement entered into this 27th day of November, 1882, between Edwin Bibby and Professor Kimble's Unknown, to wrestle Greco-Roman, best two in three falls, for \$250 a side, ten minutes rest allowed between each fall, the match to take place in the city of Baltimore on either the 15th or 16th day of December, 1882. Professor Kimble agreeing to pay Mr. Bibby \$50 as expenses to come to Baltimore. The winner to receive all gate receipts after expenses being deducted, no draws, the men to wrestle until one or the other wins. Stakeholder to be selected two days before match, and to be a Baltimore man. If a referee cannot be agreed upon the stakeholder to have power to appoint one. The referee to be selected on the night of the match, and the Unknown to be named at the posting of the final deposit. The said Edwin Bibby and the said Prof. Kimble do further agree, that should either fail to post the final deposit with stakeholder agreed upon, the party failing to forfeit the money down. In pursuance of this agreement the said Edwin Bibby and the said Prof. Kimble do now deposit the sum of \$100 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, the temporary stakeholder.

EDWIN BIBBY,

Witnesses: WM. STEELE, PROF. S. W. KIMBLE,
JOHN T. POWELL, for Unknown.

RICHARD K. FOX, of the POLICE GAZETTE, on Dec. 6 received a letter from Jem Mace, the retired champion pugilist of the world. Mr. Fox being eager to find a scientific pugilist who could successfully meet John L. Sullivan, the American champion, either in a four round glove contest or in a battle in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring, recently wrote to Mace, offering to match him against Sullivan either in a glove contest on Sullivan's conditions—that is, to stand up and box four three-minute rounds—or match him to fight for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Mace recently telegraphed Mr. Fox that he would come to New York and the following letter was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 6:

CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, Nov. 2, 1882.
To Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, U. S.:

DEAR SIR: I shall be perfectly willing to at once proceed to America on receiving passage money for Mrs. Mace and myself. On my arrival you can arrange any matches you desire. Is it not possible for me to be able to leave Auckland by Dec. 5? If not I should like to leave at the earliest opportunity, as I am eager to return to New York. Yours faithfully,

JEM MACE.

Richard K. Fox at once forwarded Mace the required amount of money to defray his expenses, and the opening of the season of 1883 will witness the POLICE GAZETTE with two champions, Jem Mace, the champion of the world, and Wm. Knifton, the 81 tonner of England. Many may suppose Mace is too old to fight, but from the following it will be seen that "the cleverest man in the world" is still able to put up his hands and "stay." On October 29, in New Zealand, Mace and George Belcher fought with gloves, according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, for a purse of \$1,000. The match resulted from a challenge issued by Mace, in which he offered to box or fight any heavy-weight pugilist in the colonies. Belcher, who is a noted pugilist, taller and far more muscular than "the man from Norwich," accepted the deft, and articles of agreement were signed and the match arranged. Prof. Wm. Miller and Larry Foley trained Mace, and

Jack Stade trained Belcher. The mill created no little excitement and Mace was made a heavy favorite. Belcher stands 6 feet in height and weighed 182 lb. Mace weighed 170lbs. Belcher was defeated in four rounds.

THE great sensational wrestling match for \$2,000 and the catch-as-catch-can championship of the world will be decided at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 18. The principals are Joseph Acton, the champion of the world, who is backed by Arthur Chambers of Philadelphia, Pa., and Clarence Whistler of Kansas, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of America. Acton is training at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, while Whistler is training on the Polo grounds, making James Pilkington's, his backer, sporting house, the Golden Oar, Harlem, his headquarters. The following are the articles of agreement which govern the great contest:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 30th day of October, A. D. 1882, between Joseph Acton and Clarence Whistler to wrestle catch-as-catch-can for the sum of \$1,000 a side. We, the said Joseph Acton of Philadelphia and Clarence Whistler of Kansas City, hereby agree to wrestle the best of three back falls catch-as-catch-can style in New York, Clarence Whistler to give one hundred dollars (\$100) to said Joseph Acton for expenses, to take place on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1882. The money to be deposited in the hands of the temporary stakeholder, Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The first deposit of \$100 a side is now in the hands of the stakeholder and the other deposits are as follows: 2d deposit of \$400 a side to be put up not later than the 31st day of October, A. D. 1882, and the final deposit to be made December 11th, 1882. The men to be in his ring at 8 P. M. The men to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to agree upon a final stakeholder December 11, 1882, when the final deposit of \$500 is made, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M. Referee to be chosen on the night of the match. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles the referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final and conclusive. The stakeholder shall in any and every case be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee. Either party failing to comply with any or all of these articles or breaking the rules attached to forfeit all moneys down. Whistler or his representative to pay over to Richard K. Fox the hundred dollars due Joseph Acton when putting up the final deposit.

Witnesses: JOSEPH ACTON,
ARTHUR CHAMBERS, CLARENCE WHISTLER,
HENRY F. JACOBY.

All the stakes have been posted and both champions are training for what promises to be the greatest wrestling match that ever was decided in this city.

WE have seen many a battle fought in the roped arena between champions of the past and present, but never in our time witnessed such an exciting affair as the fifth battle for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the colored heavy weight boxing championship of America. The trophy was offered some time ago by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, in order to promote boxing among the colored athletes. Morris Grant carried off the prize at the first contest, Charles Hadley of Bridgeport won it at the second meeting and at the third again by default. At the fourth contest Morris Grant, the New York champion, again captured the trophy, defeating Viro Small, better known as Black Sam. At the time Mr. Fox offered the medal he decided that it should finally be awarded the winner of three competitions. It was well known that Hadley and Grant would struggle hard to win. Over 800 persons filled Hill's noted sporting resort to witness the contest. Wm. E. Harding had the management of the affair, Frank Whittaker was master of ceremonies and Harry Hill was referee. Larry McCarthy was selected as Hadley's umpire and the renowned Prof. Wm. Clark was selected as Grant's umpire. Pop Whittaker read the conditions of the contest, setting forth that the men should box according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, three minutes for each round, with one minute rest between each round and the winner to have undisputed possession of the medal. A light-weight colored pugilist, George Cooley, volunteered to act as Grant's second. Jack Benton seconded Hadley. Grant is the New York champion and his admirers were confident he would win. Hadley is the champion of Connecticut and he was trained for the battle by Ed. McGlinchey of Bridgeport. After a first-class variety show and boxing bouts Hadley, with the Bridgeport delegation, arrived and stripped for the contest. As soon as time was called the rival colored champions rushed at each other and fought like demons. Hadley rushed at his man, hitting right and left and driving Grant all over the stage, pounding and thumping him with no intervals, until Grant fell all in a heap on the floor. In the second round Hadley knocked Grant off the stage behind the scenes. When he came on again Hadley knocked him down twice in quick succession. Finally he sent in a right-hand cross counter straight from the shoulder, which landed under Grant's chin, lifted him clean off the floor and knocked him completely out. Grant was assisted to get up and was set on a chair. The partisans of the men were making a great noise. As the time was not yet up Hadley's friends shouted, "Give it to him!" Hadley ran across the stage to hit Grant but Grant had evidently had enough and catching hold of the chair fell over with it on the floor and could not fight any longer. Harry Hill then decided that Hadley had won. Then the colored boxer, Charley Cooley, mounted the stage and cried: "I can lick any 130lb. nigger in the world for \$500!" Cooley had been very busy giving Grant advice and Hadley, who was still on the stage, stepped up to him and knocked him down. Cooley unwarily got up; Hadley knocked him down again. There was a row. The police mounted the stage and intense excitement prevailed. The referee, umpires, police officers and others rushed in to stop what promised to be a general fight and some one in the audience handed Cooley a revolver. As soon as it became known that Cooley was thus armed the excitement was increased. "Take it away from him!" shouted many in the audience. A police officer not in uniform sprang to the stage and snatched the revolver from Cooley's hand. Hadley amid tremendous cheers was then presented with the trophy and the affair ended. After the battle the rival pugilists met in a Bleeker street sporting house and fought another round, which was not decided, as the affair ended in a free fight, in which razors, glasses, and pistols were flourished but no one was seriously injured. Morris Grant says he can whip Hadley and there is every indication that the rivals may meet with bare knuckles.

PATRICK FITZGERALD, the champion six-day go-as-you-please pedestrian, has written to Beneke Bros., the POLICE GAZETTE champion shoemakers, corner of Canal and Mulberry streets, New York, stating that in the great six day race when he beat the champion pedestrians of both hemispheres his success was in a great measure due to the light weight of the running shoes and their neat, easy fit, which prevented his feet from "listering." Fitzgerald says Beneke Brothers are well worthy of the title of the POLICE GAZETTE champion shoemakers.

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9 prizes \$300 each	Approximation prizes	\$2,700
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